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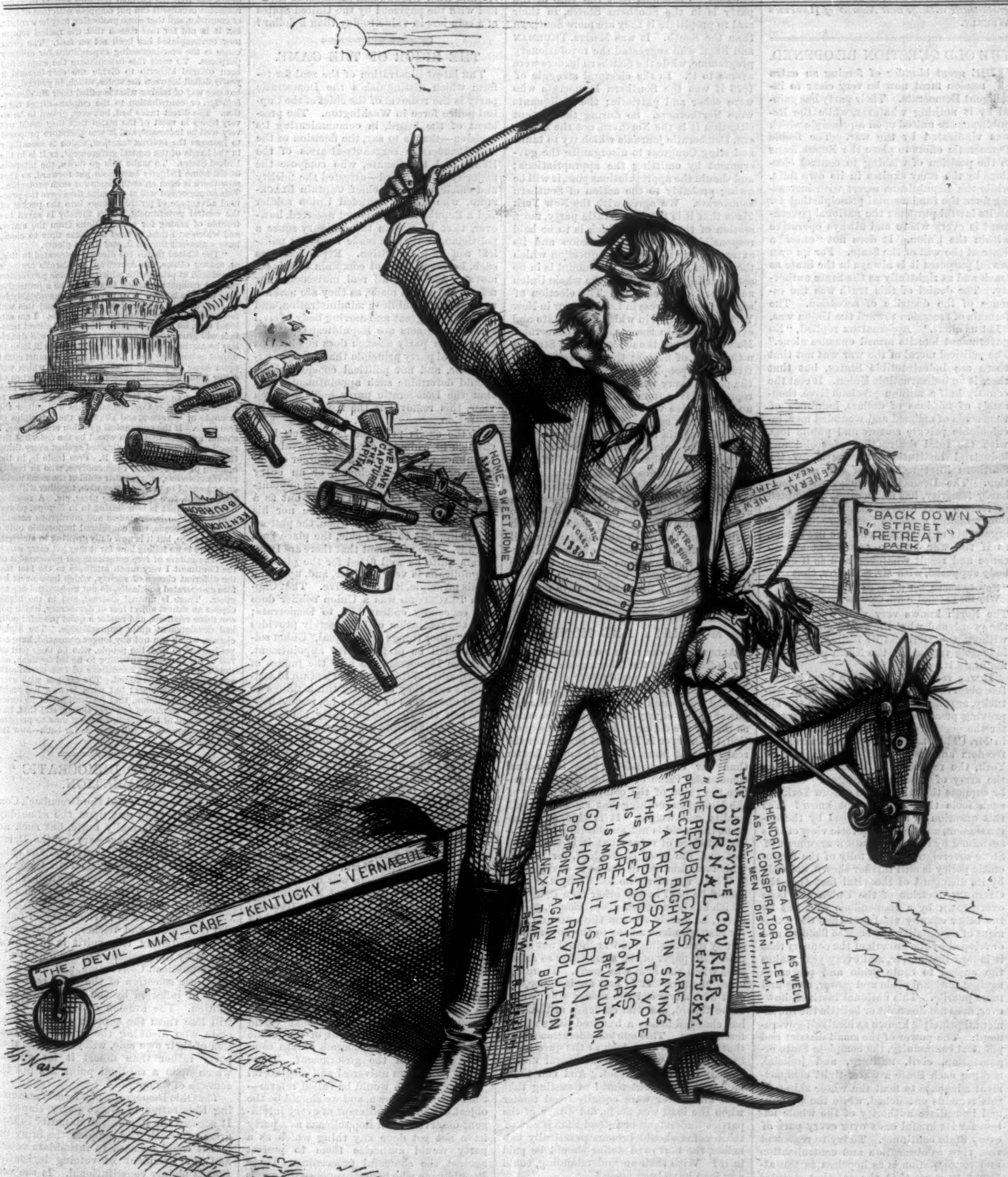
WE HAVE CAPTURED THE CAPITAL
BOURBON KENTUCKY
HOME, SWEET, HOME
DEMOCRATIC TICKET 1880
EXTRA SESSION
NEWS GENERAL NEXT TIME
"BACK DOWN STREET" TO "RETREAT" PARK
THE DEVIL-MAY-CARE-KENTUCKY-VERNACUL
THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL. KENTUCKY.
"THE REPUBLICANS ARE PERFECTLY RIGHT IN SAYING THAT A REFUSAL TO VOTE THE APPROPRIATIONS IS REVOLUTIONARY. IT IS MORE. IT IS REVOLUTION. IT IS MORE. IT IS RUIN.....
GO HOME! REVOLUTION POSTPONED AGAIN. NEXT TIME.—BUT
HENDRICKS IS A FOOL AS WELL AS A CONSPIRATOR. LET ALL MEN DISOWN HIM.
Th: Nast.

"THE OLD NATIONAL SPIRIT" IS GONE (FOR THE PRESENT).

100,000 — WENT UP THE HILL, AND THE HERO OF 100,000 BATTLES (OR BOTTLES) CALLED THEM DOWN AGAIN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 21, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving, entitled "Discipline and Dissipation," and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE OLD QUESTION RE-OPENED.

THE great blunder of forcing an extra session must now be very clear to intelligent Democrats. Their party has gained by it nothing whatever, while the Republicans are united upon a principle which was vindicated by the war. The feeble Democratic effort to place the Republicans in the position of wishing to control elections by the army expires in its own folly, while the Republicans assert with increasing force the fundamental principle that for all its lawful purposes the national government is every where and always operative within the Union. It does not "enter" a State at the will of the State. For its own lawful purposes it is always in the State as much and as rightfully as the State authority. The denial of this truth was the essence of the doctrine of secession. The formula of secession toward the Union was, "Let us alone." Appomattox replied, "No government lets its armed enemies alone." The political moral of the war was not that there are indestructible States, but that there is an indestructible Union. It cost the country half a million precious lives, thousands of millions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of maimed and wounded men, incalculable private sorrow and public loss, with the total destruction of social and industrial institutions, to overthrow the Southern interpretation of the Constitution. The Democratic party, with foolhardy temerity, has deliberately attempted to restore that interpretation, and in long Congressional speeches has reproduced the arguments of Calhoun and the fire-eaters, as if the war had no permanent significance and result whatever, and as if every body supposed, with Mr. S. S. Cox, that

> "Nobody knows, but the so-called Lord,
> Why the so-called North drew its so-called sword."

The North knows very well why it drew the sword, and what the sword gained; and without the slightest ill feeling, but with inflexible resolution, the North proposes to maintain it.

It was very edifying, as we have heretofore observed, to hear Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, arguing to Tammany Hall, in the approving presence of Mr. John T. Hoffman, for the necessity of free elections. Which, in Mr. Carlisle's opinion, most threatens freedom and honesty of elections in New York, the repeaters of Tammany Hall, or the army of the United States? Or does he suppose that the people of New York are such fools that they do not know? Yet this question is the one raised by the extra session, and the Democratic view of it is sustained by the old Calhoun argument of State sovereignty. The folly of the Democratic policy is still further shown, not only by its disregard of the vital fact that the Calhoun doctrine of the Union has been overthrown by a tremendous war, but by the other equally vital fact that the sentiment of nationality has been so fostered and developed by the growth of the country that it is now instinctive, and every year makes the appeal to State pride and power, as against national pride and power, more and more puerile. This national instinct, however, does not discredit or belittle the fundamental principle known as local self-government. The power of the small district and political community, the complete State organization, civil, military, and judicial, making each State a water-tight compartment adequate to float the whole ship—all this remains untouched, while the supreme and immediate authority of the whole nation for its lawful ends over every part of every State continues. To try to represent this view as absorption and centralization and consolidation is as hopeless as the attempt to show that the existing statutes prohibiting military interference with elections authorize the control of elections by bayonets. The question is in a nutshell. The Democrats propose that the national government shall surrender to the States its right and duty of protecting its citizens in the exercise of a national function. The Republicans decline.

Upon this question the Republicans are ready and glad to appeal to the country. The Ohio Republican Convention properly places it first in the platform, but the platform does not properly adjust the responsibility. The Democratic party must, of course, be held accountable. But it is the Northern, not the Southern, wing which is the aggressor. It is such Democrats as Speaker Randall, Messrs. Cox, Clymer, and others, who are the real leaders in this business. It will be found at last, we think, that, as in the old *ante-bellum* days, the manlier element of the Democratic party is the Southern element. Northern Democrats are so eager to serve what they suppose to be Southern wishes that they run before they are sent. Conscious that the vote of the party is in the Southern States, in their zeal to propitiate it they are more Southern than the South. It was Messrs. Thurman and Beck who suggested the revolutionary programme, while the Southern leaders were averse to it. In the electoral struggle of 1876 it was the Southern Democrats who were sober and patriotic; the malignants were Northerners. So during the present situation it is the Northern, not the Southern, Democratic journals which try to taunt and sting Congress to disorganize the government by omitting the appropriations; and should the appropriations pass, it will be owing probably to the action of Southern Democrats. We agree with the New York *Times* that it is the Democratic party, not a section of the country, which is to be held responsible for the extra session and its extraordinary follies. The question which the session has raised as paramount is in no sense sectional. It affects the whole Union and every State equally. The election of members of Congress in Louisiana or in New York is an election in which every State and every interest in the country is concerned. Members are not the delegates of a State in a Congress of States; they are representatives of the people to make suitable laws for the people every where in the Union. The representatives from Maine and Iowa have an equal voice with the representative of Louisiana in sugar legislation, and with that of Virginia in the laws that affect tobacco. The vote of the member from Arkansas affects the manufactures of New England, the mines of Pennsylvania, the commerce of New York. Therefore the Constitution provides that the Congressional election shall not be regulated by the States exclusively. Steady persistence in maintaining the real result of the war will at last persuade the most obdurate Bourbon that the enormous sacrifice and the tremendous struggle were not "so-called," but were among the most effective facts of history.

MORALITY AND MONEY.

Alluding to our recent statement that it was a fraud upon the laboring-man to compel him to receive eighty-four cents for a dollar, a correspondent asks whether it be a fraud upon such a man if the purchasing power of the eighty-four cents is the same as that of the dollar. As he puts the question, the answer is, No. But that is not the real point at issue. Nobody knows better than our correspondent that the actual commercial value of the bullion will regulate the value of the coin, for the stamp of the Mint does nothing but attest a certain quality and weight. It is true, as he asserts, that gold is not an absolutely unvarying standard of value; but it is the steadiest and the most convenient, for reasons which are familiar to him as to every one.

When, therefore, he asks why the debt should be paid in any other coin than that which has been agreed upon, namely, gold or silver, he merely repeats the question why the man who lent money to the government at any time during the war should not be repaid with paper of the same value as at the time when the loan was made. There are many answers. It is not, for instance, the man who advanced the money who is now to be repaid, and the evidence of the debt has changed hands a hundred times at different rates. This one consideration shows that the only way to look at the question is to determine what was the moral understanding of the contract. And can there be any doubt about that? Granting that gold and silver were equally legal tender when the loan was made, did either of the parties understand or intend that if one of these coins should become practically valueless, the borrowed dollar should be paid in it? With such an understanding, could any loan have been made?

Our correspondent says that he is opposed to paper money "which is not backed with gold and silver." But he might as well say gold and pewter, if he does not mean that the metal backing shall be of an equal value. The problem of bimetallism is to preserve a regular ratio of value between the metals, and the most sagacious bimetallists are opposed to free and indefinite coinage of silver because it would drain the country of gold. The cheaper metal will drive out the dearer. There is no more disastrous mistake than to suppose that there is no moral quality in the national debt, and that a promise to pay one hundred dollars could be honorably satisfied with one cent, or one dime, or one dollar, whatever might be said of the value of the amount loaned or of the monetary medium. The laboring-men, for whom inflationists—and we do not include our correspondent in the term—are so loudly concerned, have invested their savings, through the savings-banks, in the promises of the United States to pay a dollar. Why should those laborers, and their widows and orphans, be satisfied with the payment by the United States of a coin less in value to-day than a dollar?

THE RIGOR OF THE GAME.

The latest illustration of the zeal for reform which distinguishes the Democratic party is the removal of the chief of the Capitol police force in Washington. The president of the board, in communicating its decision—that is to say, the decision of the two Democratic sergeants-at-arms of the House and the Senate, who compose the majority of the board—attested the fidelity and efficiency of the chief, Captain Blackford, who was a wounded Union soldier and a Republican. It is not asserted, however, that he was in the ordinary sense a politician, or that he made improper political use of his position. Republicans as such, however, can not complain of this removal. Although all real movements for reform have been made, as they are making now, under Republican administration, and although the great and moving body of civil service reformers are Republicans, yet the Republican party as such does not hold as a practical party principle that proved merit alone, and not political considerations, should determine such appointments; and that the Democratic party holds no such view, this removal is the most flagrant illustration.

If the spoils principle be correct, it is childish to whimper over the removal of a Republican soldier. If an examiner of ribbons, or a night-watchman, or an entry clerk, or a coal-heaver, ought to be appointed, not because of proved fitness, but as a matter of patronage, neither he nor his friends ought to complain when, the patronage being lost to their side, the place goes with it. The argument that there are Democrats quite as well fitted for the place as Republicans is very familiar, and, upon the spoils principle, it is conclusive. That Captain Blackford was a Union soldier does not especially endear him to Democrats; and the resolution of 1865 merely provides that, "other things being equal," Union soldiers shall be preferred for appointment. But the Democrats are now the judges of the equality of things, and in Captain Blackford's case they evidently think things to be so unequal as to require his removal.

When the Republican party chooses to prove that it adopts reform as a party principle, Republicans may complain of such outrages as the removal of Captain Blackford, but not until then. There are few questions more vitally important than administrative reform, but the Ohio Convention did not think the subject worthy even of a complimentary allusion. The reform is making steady progress in Republican hands, but Republican managers flout and sneer at it, and utterly disbelieve in it, despite of its triumphant and irreversible success in England. There was nothing more farcical than the talk about Mr. Gorham's removal as Secretary of the Senate from Republican Senators who politically live and breathe by the practice which turned him out. If the truth were known, it would probably appear that Captain Blackford was appointed as a Republican rather than a Union soldier, and it is not by any means sure that he would have been appointed had he been a Democratic Union soldier. His removal shows undoubtedly what would happen in every department of the public service should the Democrats obtain complete control of the government. There would be a more universal and disgraceful "sweep"—which would be called reform—than was ever known, and we should be the object of the just contempt of every intelligent observer. But Republicans as a party have not yet done any thing which as a party would authorize them to protest against the shameful proceeding. Those Republicans who honestly oppose the spoils system have not been able yet to direct the party action, and while, of course, they expect nothing whatever from the Democrats but an infinite increase of the abuse, they confess that their own party has earned no right to condemn Democratic action. Meanwhile the good cause makes its own way, and will at last mould the Republican policy.

POLITICAL REACTION IN EUROPE.

A private letter from a European statesman, whose opportunities of knowledge are unusual, contains so interesting a view of the European political situation that we print some extracts. He writes from Germany:

"The great question of the day is, however—in this country—the revision of customs tariffs and other indirect taxes. We hear of nothing but *Finanz* (revenue), and *Schutz* (protection), and *Kampf* (fight), and *Zölle* (duties)—the last-named being a (two-edged) sword with which the central government wishes to be intrusted for the purpose of compelling or persuading other countries to come to terms and make such treaties of commerce as Germany wants. There is no doubt but that the German industry suffers in many instances because it can not compete with that of other countries, and that some protection may be wanted; but it is not for *that* reason that the radical reform now contemplated has been set on foot. The great cause is the ever-increasing expenditure for military purposes. To meet this expenditure the empire has been obliged hitherto to divide the ever-increasing yearly deficit between the states, which, in general, had but one way of raising what is called their *Matricularbeiträge*, or contribution to the empire—direct taxation. The direct taxes had, however, grown to be so very heavy in most of the states that they could not very well be increased, and it was therefore proposed to increase the *indirect* taxation, which is essentially in the hands of the central government, as it is in the United States. To make this go down, the interests of the home industry have been put forward, so that now there is even an enthusiasm for such protection. This arrangement will at the same time have the practical advantage of putting money into the pocket of the central government, which thereby is saved the trouble of asking for contributions from the states, and which will thus, at least for some time to come, have a pleasant time of it, and live in plenty.

"The United States are directly interested in this, as, among others, the American breadstuffs are now introduced at prices with which the home production can not compete. Hence there is to be a protective duty on breadstuffs. The effect will unavoidably be to render bread dearer than it is now, and this will fall heavily upon people with small means. I am satisfied that, on the whole, this reform of indirect taxation will prove ruinous to Germany, but it will doubtless be carried out, and the consequences will have to be met as best they may. Among these we must count upon some ill feeling in other countries which will suffer from the disturbances in several branches of trade, and then upon reprisals in self-defense, which will always cause irritation. The great question is whether the other Continental states will follow the example of Germany, and abandon the principles of free trade. If the economical question stood alone, I should not fear that such would be the case, but the reaction is general, and is directed against every thing that has the word 'free' in it. Free trade is, in the opinion of the so-called conservatives, who in reality are *réactionaires*, only another child of the same mother, and ought to be done away with, together with free government, free speech, free press, etc. A reaction like the one that is now setting in in Europe, powerfully helped on by Socialism and murderous assaults on crowned heads, was considered impossible only a few years ago, but it is now daily growing in strength, and there is no telling how far it may yet carry us.

"The failure of free constitutional government on the Continent I very much attribute to the fact that the different classes of society, which have never before co-operated politically, do not understand one another. There is mutual distrust, and in the higher classes an almost abject fear of democracy, which poison these relations, and render a quiet peaceful political development quite impracticable. The higher classes, which can not any longer command, have not yet learned to lead, the people, who on their part are full of distrust, and unwilling to be led by them, and thus the fundamental conditions of free government are really not to be found. The fault is with every body or with nobody; but what is now happening shows, in my opinion, that institutions of historical growth can be altered but very slowly, and that, having lost sight of this truth, we must now be prepared for a reaction which will carry us far back—how far, God only knows."

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic and the Greenback Conventions in Ohio met upon the same day. They did not formally unite, but such action was made unnecessary by the Democratic nomination as Governor of the chief inflationist and Greenbacker in Congress, General Ewing. The nomination shows either that the Democratic party in Ohio is out of line with that of the country, or that the Democratic is the party of financial dishonesty and trickery. How strong and threatening this spirit is in Ohio is proved by the avoidance of the question by the Republican Convention, and by the enthusiastic selection of the chief representative of inflation by the Democratic Convention. The evasion of the Republicans will lose them the support of some Democrats who, disliking the pronounced position of their own side, will yet stick to their party rather than desert it for another which upon a cardinal point has not the courage of its opinions.

The Ohio Democratic platform is an amusing illustration of feeble party clap-trap. It accuses the Republican minority in Congress of refusing to support the army unless it could be used to intimidate voters, and the President of vetoing legislation that is plainly constitutional. Is the veto less constitutional than legislation? Such a charge, and the declaration that the President ought not to have vetoed the bills because they had received the most mature consideration of Congress, are an illustration of characteristic Democratic contempt for the intelligence of the people of the United States. It is an instructive commentary upon the nature and tendency of existing parties that in this Democratic Convention a delegate who, according to the report in the New York *Times*, was drunk, nominated a practical repudiator for the office of Governor, upon a platform of ridiculous and palpable untruth. The respectable citizens of the country are invited to suppose that constitutional liberty, the equal rights of citizens, the national honor, the prosperity of labor and of the laboring-man, and the general welfare of all sections of the country are safer in the hands of a party whose recent and most important performances are the nomination of an inflationist to be Governor of Ohio, and a threat of disorganization of the national government if the President does not surrender his constitutional rights.

There was another observable incident in the Convention besides those we have mentioned. General STEEDMAN, the temporary chairman, following Senator HILL in the Senate, announced that to the Democratic party belonged the credit of suppressing the rebellion. There were brave men and good soldiers in the Union army who were Democrats. That is gladly conceded by every Republican. But since General STEEDMAN and Senator HILL raise the question, it is well to recall that the last Democratic President announced that the Union had no right to save itself from rebellion—an opinion which he derived from one of the chief of living Democratic leaders, Mr. BLACK. Every one of the rebel chiefs was a Democrat. They defended their rebellion upon Democratic doctrine. Every Copperhead that stung the soldiers from the rear was a Democrat; and the Democratic National Convention, in the midst of the contest, declared the war to be a failure. General STEEDMAN and Senator HILL choose to raise this question. They will have quite enough of the answer. The Democratic party in this country has been the party of caste and aristocracy and special privilege; the party of the most odious inhumanity and injustice; the party of State tyranny against the equal rights of American citizens and the natural rights of man; the party of sycophancy to foreign ignorance; the party of disunion and national dishonor. What its leaders expect to gain by reviving, in the political contests of to-day, recollections the most damning to any party in a free and intelligent country, is not yet apparent.

HINTS FOR A TAMMANY ORATION ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

How fearfully we have been oppressed in New York since the lamented TWEED abandoned the protection of our electoral rights we all know. The coercing of honest voters by Federal minions, since that good friend of the people and of an unencumbered ballot departed, is a humiliating chapter in the history of New York. Freedom of repeating, liberty of stuffing, and the right of crowding out voters have been wantonly repressed. The hand of Federal tyranny, maintaining equal rights, has laid heavily upon us, and the honest voter has writhed under the heel of ample protection. The decay of the republic and the swift advent of imperialism, against which our TWEED in Tammany so often lifted his voice, are made frightfully manifest in the order and fairness of recent elections. "It is sad, cried Paul Pry, and he wept like a noddy." Oh, for an hour of TWEED signing his uncle SAMUEL J.'s name to dispatches asking how much majority is necessary! Oh, for our TWEED, on this immortal and most glorious day, to denounce in the Great Wigwam the malignant iniquity of vetoes which stem the torrent of ruffianism at the polls, and basely thwart the unnaturalized alien, proudly asserting his God-given right of fraudulent voting! Feeble voices may essay the curse, but they will be only faint echoes of their master.

But let us look from our own misery to our suffering brethren in other States. From the tyranny which secures us decent elections let us turn to the vile bayonets by whose shadow the meek bulldozer is blasted. The Atlanta *Republican*, in down-trodden Georgia, says:

> "In thirteen years of Southern life we have never seen a soldier at the ballot-box, or a voter deprived of his vote by a soldier or through fear of a soldier. We have seen negroes knocked down and dragged out, cut, shot, killed. We have seen in this city a United States Deputy-Marshal knocked down by a citizen, and the witnesses so intimidated that they did not dare to repeat testimony once sworn to. Soldiers have been sent from time to time during the last ten years to localities of bad reputation where violence was apprehended. They have been quartered within reach of the civil officers, to be called upon to suppress disorder if there were occasion. In 1874 a squad of men were marched to the City Hall Square in this city. While there, although the whites formed a cordon around the ballot-box, and hundreds of colored men were by physical force and violence prevented from voting, the soldiers not only did not interfere, but they allowed a white man, who was taking down the names of colored men who could not vote, to be run off the ground. The presence of soldiers in a town (not at the ballot-box) has often prevented, we doubt not, the wholesale shedding of blood in the South; but we are willing to swear that we have never known or heard of an instance when a single Democrat even complained that they had tried to prevent him from voting or in other way molested him."

It is to the tender mercies of this brutal soldiery—a soldiery who are punishable by heavy fine and imprisonment at hard labor for five years if they attempt to interfere at elections—that the traitorous and liberty-hating Republicans would abandon us! Is there a shoulder-hitter or a brass-knuckler in the land whose heart does not swell with indignation? Is there a Southron with a spark of Ku-Klux in his soul who does not defy and spit upon this hellish plot to intimidate freemen? Let us all, assembled at Tammany Hall on this glorious Fourth, invoking the august shade of our Grand Sachem TWEED, solemnly swear upon one of his stuffed ballot-boxes that the Federal minions and the Federal bayonets ruthlessly arrayed against free rioters and undaunted frauds—had better look out for themselves. O men and brethren! great is cant.

"RURAL LIFE."

WE gladly welcome the first number of *Moore's Rural Life*, a cheap monthly paper of flowers, fruits, shrubs, and landscape and kitchen gardening—a very comely and attractive periodical—which will bring its own welcome. We commend it the more willingly because of the association of Mr. PETER B. MEAD in the editorship. He is a master of floral knowledge and an enthusiast in fruits and flowers, and no villa or cottage could have a more delightful or instructive horticultural mentor.

COMMENCEMENT.

ONE of the most melancholy reflections connected with the sudden heat of the summer is that of the intense suffering of "Commencement," as the end of the collegiate year is felicitously called. We do not allude to that intellectual drought which is sometimes supposed to attend listening to baccalaureate sermons and to the orations, intermediate orations, and essays, the philosophical and scientific orations, and salutatory and valedictory orations, of the graduating classes, as well as to the discourses before the literary societies, but to the physical suffering of great audiences packed for hours in churches, halls, and theatres, with the triumphant mercury soaring to incalculable heights. It is a suffering which is annually repeated and endured with a heroism which would be noble and touching if it were not wholly unnecessary. The spectacle of a crowd of young and old persons of both sexes, fanning, perspiring, melting, mopping, gasping, under a steady fire of orations for three or four hours, would be an inspiring illustration of the powers of human nature, if it were not so monstrous and needless a waste of vital force. The story will still bear repetition of the clergyman who, clad in the thickest of clerical black broadcloth, among his reeking brethren upon the Commencement platform, the mercury marking 114° Fahrenheit, amid a dissolving audience, exclaimed, at the fourth hour, to his moist and drooping neighbor,

> "The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy."

The heart of every guest bidden to the Commencement exercises, in the first fierce and furious days of summer, asks the same question. It asks annually, and it receives no satisfactory answer. It is true that the college year ends now, and the long vacation begins, and it is fitting that those who have finished their course should at some time celebrate the fact, and depart amid the glories of eloquence and music and the fragrance of flowers. But why not have these glories and this sweetness at a time and under circumstances which permit enjoyment, and which do not involve suffering? Our summers are tropical. The heat is intense. The long winter and spring season of every kind of interest has wearied the public mind and exhausted public attention. Why should not the college cunningly wait until the season of the returning town, the renewed interest and expectation, the cooler air of autumn? Treat the long vacation as the graduate's last vacation, and when it ends, and the new year of the college commences, let him pronounce his Commencement discourse to fresh ears, in cool airs, so that, in the words of the same delightful poet, it shall be said that

> "still the wonder grew
> That one small head should carry all he knew."

This was formerly the custom at Brown University, in Providence; but recently that venerable institution has yielded to the fashion, and holds its Commencement at midsummer. We do not learn that it is a more interesting or enjoyable day in consequence of the change, or that the dignity of the university has gained by it. In other years Commencement-day, on the first Wednesday of September, was a day of great importance in that peaceful and pleasant city. Indeed, it competed successfully with the Fourth of July. It was, in truth, the great day of the year. We hope that it is so still, and we have no reason whatever to doubt it. But if it be as great a day as ever, it doubtless pays the frequent penalty of greatness, and is exceedingly uncomfortable. We plead for cool Commencements, but we are conscious of the hopelessness of our cause. It is too evident that the moist festival is still felt to be "joy." The largest opera-houses, the most spacious churches and halls, are crowded at this season—114° Fahrenheit included—with vast throngs which applaud and perspire, fling the laurel or rose crown and perspire, and mingle tears and perspiration as the valedictory cadences die away. While "the business" is such as this, whoever suggests that a cooler season for these interesting festivals would be more enjoyable will be surely set down as a mere fogy and Marplot, who shows by his gross consideration of temperature and the thermometer that he has no sympathy with the finer intellectual joys of Commencement, and, in fact, that he does not really understand the subject.

PERSONAL.

MADAME THIERS is about to make a superb present to the public library at Marseilles, viz., a splendid edition of the *Chinese Encyclopedia of the Emperor Kien Long*—an extremely rare work, and to be found in Europe only at the British Museum, and at the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. This edition, which contains fourteen volumes, with numerous illustrations, was promised by M. THIERS to the town of Marseilles four years ago, when he presided over the Congress of Orientalists.

—Very much honored was Miss MAUDE HOWE, daughter of Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, in Rome recently, when she took the character of Aspasia in some tableaux. The King and Queen of Italy were present. RISTORI robed her, and CASTELLANI lent her some almost priceless jewelry, which he has just sold to the British Museum.

—The London correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says: "You will hear a lot of irresponsible chatter about the Prince of Wales being a 'business man' and a hard worker, but rarely are you told of his boon-companionship characteristics among men. He never allows time to flag with melancholy where he is, but rather to fly with mirth. He never permits a word of scandal or an innuendo to pass without a rebuke, and always defends the absent. In few things is he unable to point a moral and adorn a tale either in the English, French, or German languages; and no proper person, high or low, with distinguishing ability in arts or sciences, in refined social entertainment or elevated national views, can fail to gain the ear and the approval of this generous Prince and future King of England. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at why he is so popular. A true man, a perfect prince, and a boon companion are not always found in one person."

—Judge DILLON does not make a bad exchange in resigning a hard-working and moderately paid United States District Judgeship for a $7500 law professorship in Columbia College. But this is not all. A Washington paper states that he is to receive an annual salary of $10,000 as consulting counsel for the Union Pacific Railroad Company, of which his uncle, SIDNEY DILLON, is president. This will not interfere with his college duties.

—The late WILLIAM SLOANE, of this city, who amassed a fortune of about $1,000,000 in the carpet business, left bequests to charitable institutions, connected chiefly with the Presbyterian Church, amounting to $140,000; to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL, $20,000; and $35,000 to be distributed among his old and faithful clerks, some of whom will receive $5000 each, others $1000.

—An Irish gentleman, speaking recently of Parliament, said: "Shure we've got the three most remarkable men in the House—the biggest man, the smallest man, and the man that's no man at all. There's Meejor O'GORMAN (they often call him O'Gormandizer, because he ates and dhrinks so much), he's the biggest man; then there's Dr. O'LEARY, he's the smallest man, no bigger nor me thumb; an' KAVANNAGH, he's naythur legs nor arrums shure; he's no man at all, at all." Thus briefly did our Hibernian friend sum up the physical peculiarities of three of his countrymen; but with due deference to his opinion, we venture to think that the "no man at all, at all," the luckless KAVANNAGH, with "naythur legs nor arrums," is the best man of the trio. Intellectually, he is far ahead of the pigmy O'LEARY, or the colossal O'GORMAN. He is the author of more than one book, and a by no means insignificant opponent in debate; nor do his physical disabilities cripple him so entirely as might be imagined. He writes (a good hand, we were going to say, but that would be wrong, as he does not happen to be possessed of hands, so we must content ourselves with the adverb) well; he rides on horseback—how, we do not pretend to say—and has shown his success with the fair sex by marrying one of the prettiest women in Ireland. He is wheeled into the House in a sort of chair, and, once seated, is as well able to hold his own as most members.

—Ex-Governor TILDEN is known among the booksellers of New York as a large purchaser, especially of rare editions of standard works. In this respect his collection is unique.

—One of the conspicuous public men in England is Sir WILFRID LAWSON, active and influential in Parliament, and famous for his position as a temperance man. He is an out-and-out teetotaler, and at the same time one of the greatest wags in the kingdom. EDMUND YATES, in the *World*, speaks of him thus: "Prepare yourself to laugh; for from morning till evening, in-doors and out-of-doors, on every subject, at every opportunity, you will hear such an amazing number of jokes and witticisms poured forth that after a short time you will come to the conclusion, which every one else has in turn arrived at, that the fount which supplies them is inexhaustible. There is scarcely a man of any note in England, there is scarcely a figure in contemporaneous history, about whom Sir WILFRID LAWSON has not some amusing anecdote to relate; there is barely a story you can tell that will not be capped by a better one on the same or a similar subject from your host. In his conversation there are the same simplicity and absence of affectation as in his Parliamentary speaking. Allied to this native wit is a wonderful facility for rhyming; and the few lines, hastily scrawled on the back of an envelope, and passed along the benches of the House of Commons, create as much amusement among the British senators as do the impromptu verses (read out in the evening) which are the sequel of any *contretemps* that can possibly bear a ludicrous aspect, occurring among the visitors met to enjoy the unbounded hospitality of winter-tide at Brayton."

—VICTOR HUGO was talking about age, and confessed, in a charming humor, that the most disagreeable advance to him was that from thirty-nine to forty. "Oh, that terrible forty!" he said. "But," remarked some one, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied HUGO; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty years is the youth of old age."

—Mr. E. C. STEDMAN, the poet, has just gone to Europe for a six months' vacation. His wife goes along. Mr. STEDMAN will beam upon Ireland and her lakes first, and thence bestow pleasant glances upon the chief places and people of England.

—LEO XIII. has been particularly gracious to Cardinal NEWMAN. He desired to see him first of all the new creations, and on parting said, "I must give the new cardinal a proof of my most particular esteem and affection." Then placing Cardinal NEWMAN's arm in his own, he walked with him through the antechamber to the general waiting-room. The Pope and cardinal conversed chiefly in Latin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: President Hayes, on the 29th ult., sent a message to the House, vetoing the Legislative Appropriation Bill. The House endeavored to pass the measure over the veto, but failed of the required two-thirds, only 112 voting in favor of it, while 91 voted against it. The Senate's amendments to the Subsidiary Coin Bill were agreed to by the House.—On the 2d inst., Mr. Springer (Democrat), of Illinois, introduced a bill in the House providing that on Congressional election days no soldier within two miles of the polls shall be allowed to go out of the barracks at which he is stationed unless for the purpose of mounting or relieving guard, or of giving his vote, after which he shall return immediately. Two bills were passed by the House—one for a Mississippi River Improvement Commission, and the other to appropriate $20,000 for the Australian Exhibitions.—On the 3d, the President nominated Secretary George W. M'Crary to succeed Judge Dillon in the Eighth United States Judicial Circuit.—On the 5th, the Legislative Appropriation Bill was reported in the House.

The Maine Greenbackers held a Convention at Portland on the 3d inst., and nominated Joseph L. Smith for Governor.—On the 4th, the Ohio Democrats met at Columbus, and nominated, among others, for Governor, Thomas Ewing, and Lieutenant-Governor, A. V. Rice. The same day the Ohio Greenbackers also met at Columbus, and after resolving against any coalition with the Democrats, nominated for Governor General A. S. Piatt, and Lieutenant-Governor, Hugo Preyor.

A tornado visited portions of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska on the 30th ult., destroying buildings, sweeping the fields of their crops, and scooping the water from rivers and wells. At least forty persons were killed and eighty wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A NAVAL engagement took place off Iquique, on the Peruvian coast, last month, between two Chilian men-of-war and two Peruvian iron-clads. Three were sunk, and many lives were lost.

King Cetywayo, with a view to leaving the British no point to strike at, and adopting a system of bush warfare, has burned the royal kraal, and retired to Northwest Zululand. It is reported that Dubulmanzi, his brother, while attempting to join the British, was killed in an engagement with the king's troops.

An avalanche has fallen on the village of Fontana, in the Canton of Tessin, Switzerland, and destroyed a church and several houses. Six persons were killed.

A dispatch from Mandalay says certain females of the royal family, for whose safety the British government stipulated, have been placed in irons, and will probably be starved. A dispatch from Simla says that an agent of the King of Burmah is on his way there with a complimentary letter to the Viceroy of India.

In the Spanish Cortes, on the 2d inst., Señor Martos demanded the abolishment of the oath of allegiance. The Minister of the Interior replied that Deputies might refuse to take the oath, but it could not be abolished. Señor Castelar said the oath was a relic of the feudal system. He would take it, but only under protest.

The late Portuguese ministry, before its retirement, concluded a treaty with Great Britain looking to the suppression of the slave-trade, the development of commerce, and the civilization of Africa. The treaty provides for the freedom of commerce and navigation between the adjoining British and Portuguese colonies, declares the Zambese River free to the commerce of the world, and grants Great Britain facilities for the passage of troops and munitions of war across Portuguese territory in South Africa.

The International Ship-canal Congress has adopted, by a vote of 98 to 8, the Panama and Limon Bay route.

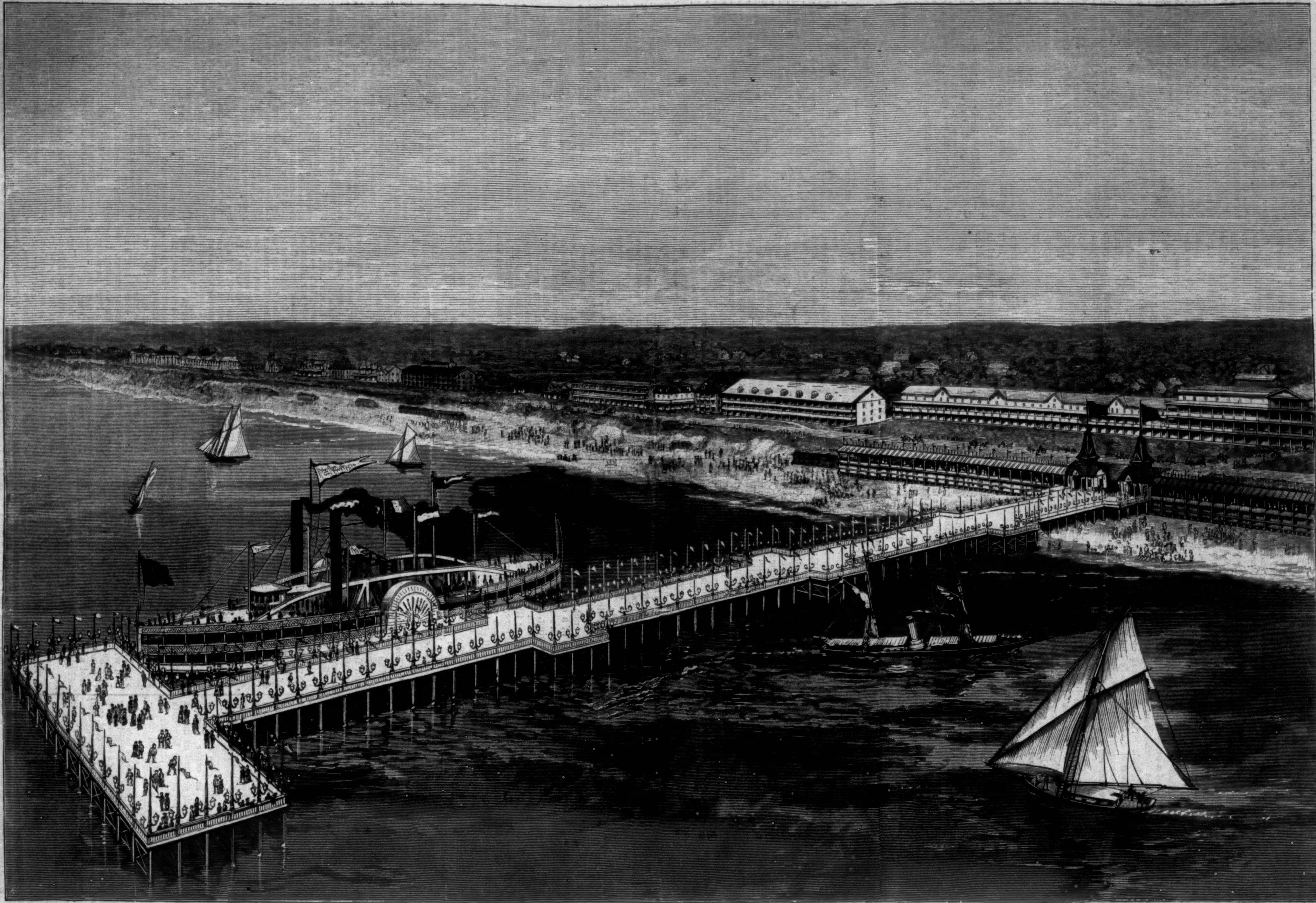
The volcano of Mount Etna is in full eruption. Several new craters have opened, forming a vast abyss in the side of the mountain. A considerable portion of the bed of the Alcantara River is covered by the lava. The damage to agriculture is already very serious. The inhabitants have been forced to abandon the village of Majo. Many large and valuable estates have been destroyed. The four main craters continue to pour forth streams of lava, while many of the smaller ones have become inactive. The stream of lava which has interrupted the road at Passa Pescaro is half a mile wide and a hundred feet deep.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 3d inst., annulled the election of M. Blanqui by a vote of 372 to 33.

Official reports from Cashmere say that it is impossible to exaggerate the distress the famine is causing there. Many towns and villages have been depopulated.

Reuter's dispatch from Constantinople says the Porte has sent a dispatch to the powers declaring that the installation of Aleko Pasha as Governor of Eastern Roumelia without hoisting the Turkish flag and observing other customary formalities constitutes a violation of the Berlin treaty.

The treaty of peace between Great Britain and Afghanistan was ratified on the 30th ult. A salute of thirty-one guns was fired at Simla in honor of the event.

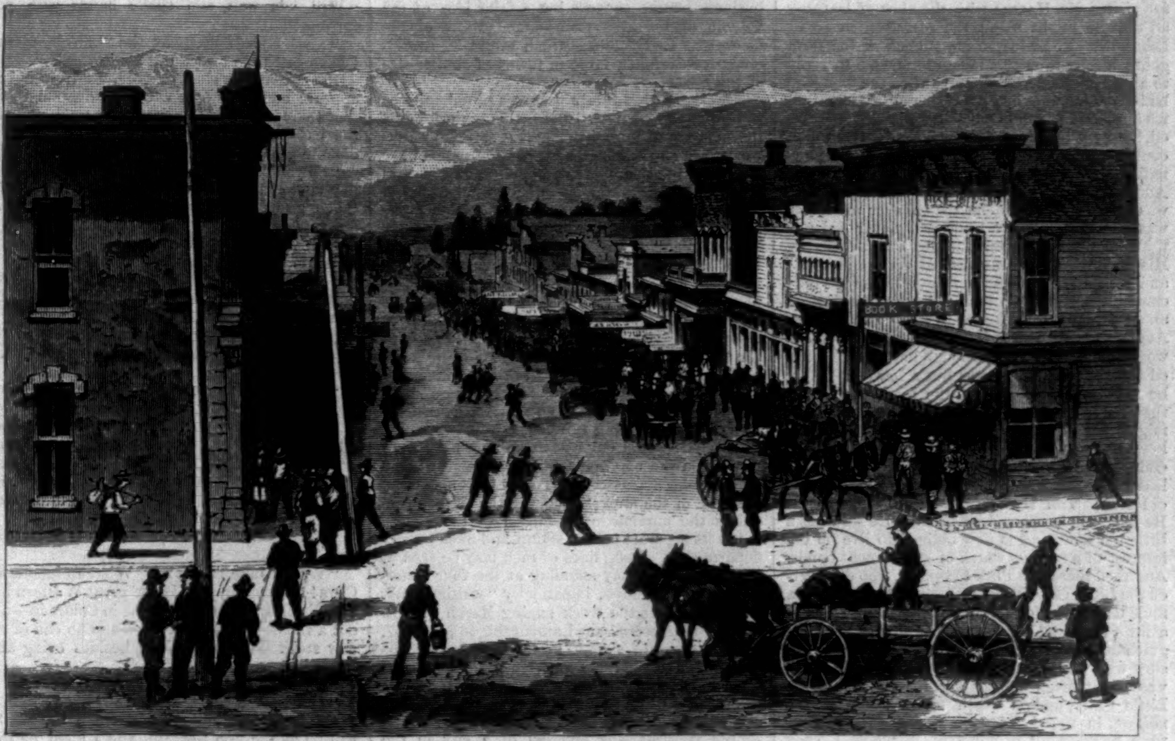


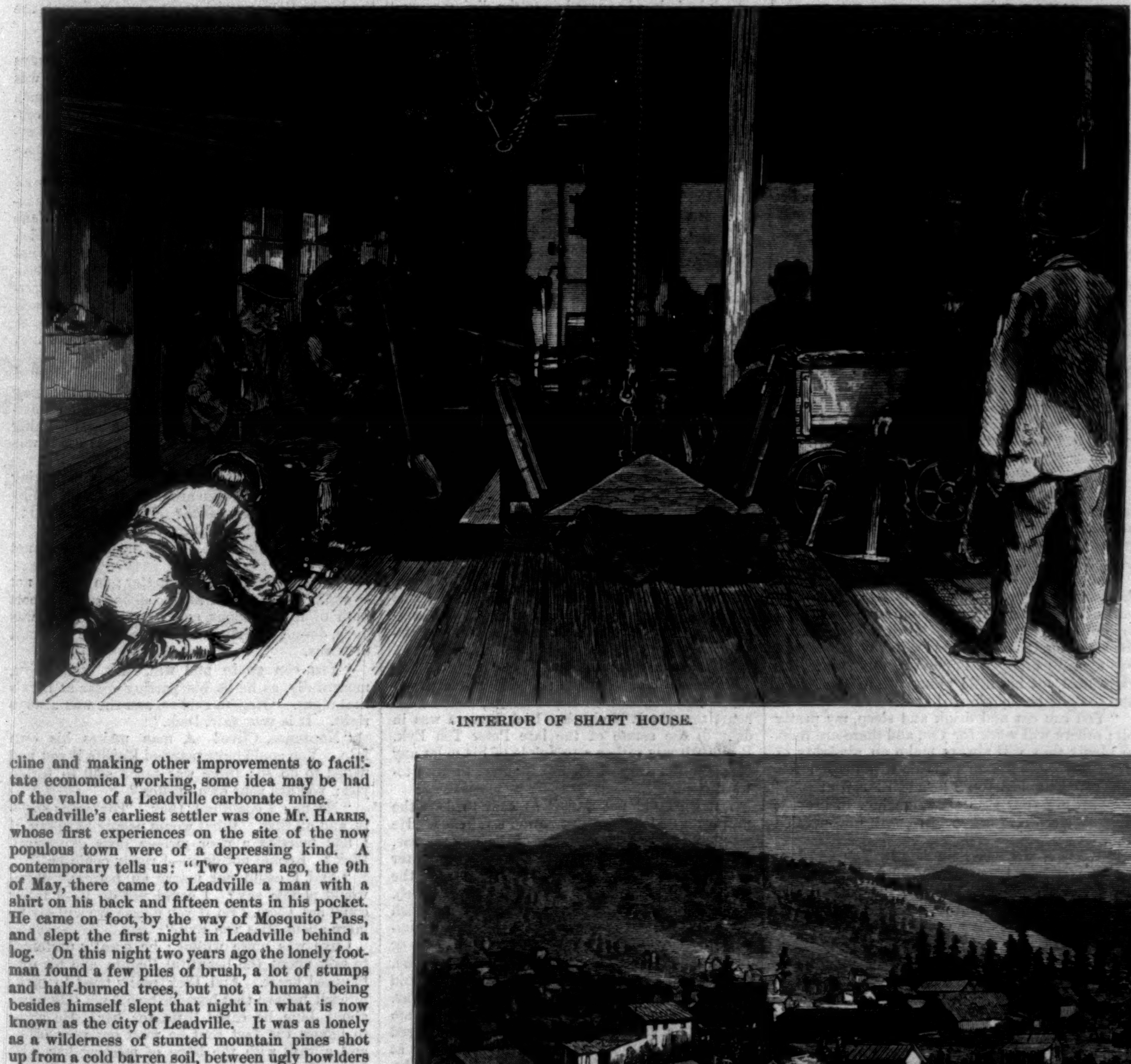
THE NEW IRON PIER AT LONG BRANCH, NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

LEADVILLE.

The mining districts of our Great West are famous for cities that, mushroom-like, have grown up almost in a night. Leadville, in Colorado, is one of the most remarkable of these urban miracles. Two years ago the place was not in existence. On the 1st of August, 1877, there were six buildings upon the present site. On the 1st of January, 1878, the population was estimated at 300. A year later the town organization was perfected, and Leadville now presents the amazing spectacle of a town containing 20,000 inhabitants, located in the heart of a mountainous district where a few months ago there was naught but barren solitudes.

The first discovery of carbonate ores was made on the south side of California Gulch, about one and a half miles above Leadville, in 1876, in what is now known as the Rock Mine. The ore was found in great abundance, but of low grade, carrying a large percentage of lead with a comparatively small amount of silver. Soon after this, prospecting began in a line running north, and resulted in the discovery of the Adelaide, Camp Bird, and Iron mines, together with the Wolfstone in Strayhorse Gulch. Other mines were also opened from time to time, until the district became one of the most actively worked in the whole country. As an instance of their value and productiveness, we quote the following record of the Carbonate: "Mineral was reached at a depth of sixteen feet on the 20th of June, 1877. Development has progressed steadily from that day to the present, the expenses having eaten up only twenty per cent. of the amount received for ore. From January 1 to December 1, 1878, the sales of ore amounted to $86,825 01, and the expenses to $17,648 98, leaving a clear profit in eleven months of $69,176 03." When it is understood that no stoping has been done, and that much time has been spent in opening an incline and making other improvements to facilitate economical working, some idea may be had of the value of a Leadville carbonate mine.


VIEW IN CHESTNUT STREET.

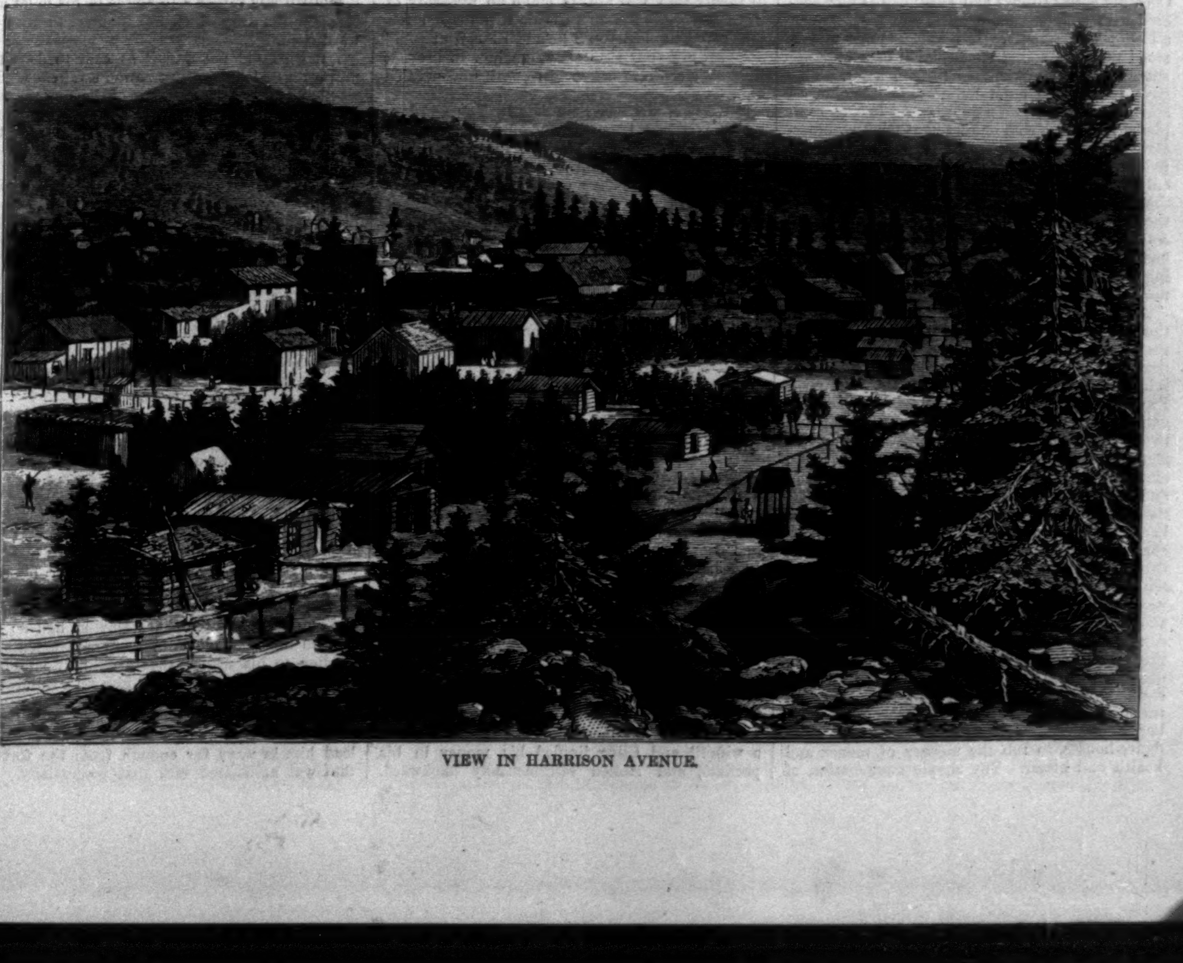

INTERIOR OF SHAFT HOUSE.

Leadville's earliest settler was one Mr. Harris, whose first experiences on the site of the now populous town were of a depressing kind. A contemporary tells us: "Two years ago, the 9th of May, there came to Leadville a man with a shirt on his back and fifteen cents in his pocket. He came on foot, by the way of Mosquito Pass, and slept the first night in Leadville behind a log. On this night two years ago the lonely footman found a few piles of brush, a lot of stumps and half-burned trees, but not a human being besides himself slept that night in what is now known as the city of Leadville. It was as lonely as a wilderness of stunted mountain pines shot up from a cold barren soil, between ugly bowlders and craggy rocks, could well be made. The name of that lonely traveller who slept that night in this lonely wilderness was Mr. George Albert Harris. He was the first settler. His wife was the first white woman in Leadville."

We are afraid to say how short the time was between Mr. Harris's bivouac behind the log and the date of his occupancy of the first house built with doors and windows in Leadville. The first neighbor he had was Mr. William Randolph, who pitched his tent on a little rise of ground opposite to what is now known as the Grand Hotel. He came from Rosita. The third arrival was Mr. D. H. Houghton. His shanty was put up a little east of the Grand, on ground now occupied by his billiard hall. He came from Granite. Charles Mater followed a few days later, from the same place. He came with a grocery store, which was opened out in a little twenty-by-thirty log shanty on the ground now covered by his commodious place of business on Chestnut Street. This was about the middle of July. About two weeks later along came Mr. H. A. W. Tabor, now president of the Leadville Bank, and one of the owners of the Little Pittsburgh Mine. Mr. Tabor first started in the grocery business on Chestnut Street, one door west of Harrison Avenue. William Nye was the sixth settler. He came up from Malta, and opened a saloon in a slab shanty on Chestnut Street, six doors west of Harrison Avenue. This was the early part of August. "From that date," says Mr. Harris, "they began coming so fast that I could not keep track of them."

The first public-house in Leadville was begun on the 15th of June, 1877, and was finished and thrown open to the public on the Fourth of July, nineteen days later. The builder was Mr. Harris, who, as the founder of the town, was also its great public benefactor. He performed all the labor of constructing his new house of entertainment, from the foundation to the roof. The dimensions of the building were ten feet in width by twelve in length, the height a story and a half. The first floor served as dining-room, office, kitchen, baggage-room, parlor, reception-room, etc., and the second, or attic, was used principally for lodging purposes. It offered accommodation for eight sleepers at a time. For the convenience of guests the day was divided into three sleeping periods of eight hours each. In this way the first hotel in Leadville afforded sleeping accommodations for twenty-four guests, divided into three companies, each of which occupied the attic for the time mentioned. The name of this hotel was The City, and its site is now covered by the Grand Hotel, on Chestnut Street. Mr. Harris kept this hotel until the Fourth of July, 1878, when he opened the Grand, which had been built around and over the little City. The Grand was kept by Mr. Harris until the 14th of last December, when he sold it to Messrs. Walsh & Co., the present proprietors, for $14,120, cash. This sum was the net result of Mr. Harris's first eighteen months' hard labor in Leadville, beginning on a capital of fifteen cents.

Not long ago a reporter of the Leadville *Chron-*


VIEW IN HARRISON AVENUE.

icle visited Mr. Harris with the view of learning all that he might about the early settlement of Leadville. From his account much of the foregoing information has been obtained. In reply to a pertinent question in regard to the men who had made fortunes by discovering mines, Mr. Harris answered as follows, his story being interrupted, however, by a demand upon his attention which could not be subordinated to the interests of journalism: "Oh yes, I knew them all. There was August Rische; he came out from Fairplay, and was the worst played-out man I ever met. He was a shoe-maker by trade, but never did any thing about this camp but dig for carbonates. His entire wealth consisted of pick and spade and a faithful old dog, the latter being his only companion. The two lived together in a dug-out about a mile up California Gulch. The dog and August were sure to show up as often as once a week for bacon, etc. Although hard up, he seemed to have friends. It was but a few days before he made the discovery of the Little Pittsburgh that I was talking with him, and he said it was mighty thin forage. 'By the holy Moses, he would keep digging till he struck it, if it took till the end of time.' He did, and to-day is worth, at the least calculation, $300,000. But he is the same old Aug. Tom Hook was another shoe-maker. He too came in camp dead broke. He sold out a little too soon, and is now obliged to live on the interest of $150,000 worth of government bonds. And then there was Pete Finnerty, who discovered the Little Chief Mine. He came in camp with a mule team, paid for and wholly his own. He kept a little boarding-house in a log shanty near the gulch during the winter of 1877. But things went slow with him, and he went out prospecting. It was about seven months ago that he struck the Little Chief, and is worth to-day about half a million, in round numbers. The Dillon boys were prospecting partners of Finnerty. They are not worth to-day but a little over $100,000 each. Hallock and Cooper discovered the Carbonate Mine in October, 1877. They were laborers, and had become accustomed to a rough life. Now they are worth $300,000 each. A man by the name of Woods—an old miner from Lake Superior—discovered the Iron Mine. In fact, he was the man who made the first discovery of carbonates in this camp. But he did not know the value of his discovery, and sold out to Leiter, of Chicago, for $50,000." Here the interruption alluded to took place.

The progress of Leadville prior to December 1, 1878, was surprising, but its wonderful advance in every possible direction since that date is simply amazing. It seemed then that the city might possibly reach a population of ten or twelve thousand in a twelvemonth, but no one could have foretold that within four months, and those the most unfavorable of the year, the number of its inhabitants would be augmented by at least four thousand. A steadily increasing stream of fortune-hunters poured in through all the avenues of approach, defying the storms of winter, and adding their capital, enterprise, and energy to the restless activities of the camp. The rapid growth and the increasing prosperity of Leadville naturally gave birth to active speculation. During December and January merchants commanding large capital, in their eagerness to secure eligible locations, paid large prices for lots on upper Chestnut Street and Harrison Avenue. This gave impulse to a real estate mania which soon affected the whole camp. Lots held at only $50 to $100 last fall suddenly jumped to $1000, $2000, and even $4000 each. Many sales were made at these figures. Real estate throughout the town felt the influence, and buying and selling became the order of the day. Real estate agents are now almost as numerous as lawyers. Lot jumping, or, more properly, lot squatting, outside the placer-claim limits, became a regular occupation with many small operators. Long streets of foundations and skeleton frames sprang up in a night. The whole slope lying between upper Chestnut Street proper and Fryer Hill is now covered with foundations, frames, and buildings in all stages of growth. It became tacitly understood that the actual construction of a building should give an undisputed title to a lot. This gave impetus to cabin-building, and log-houses sprang up like Jonah's gourd. As fast as completed they were sold or rented at most remunerative figures. Meantime the utmost building activity prevailed in every other direction. The only limit was the supply of lumber, which, as the demand intensified, jumped from $25 to $30, thence to $40, and finally to $50 per thousand. As a necessity, hewn logs were substituted for boards in the walls of many pretentious buildings, even on business streets. East, west, and north the town spread like a prairie fire.

At present Leadville is fully equipped with all the social, educational, and religious advantages that can be found any where in a town of its size. It has three daily newspapers, one good school building, two church edifices, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, and Catholic organizations, a city hall and jail, a fire company, two theatres, fourteen hotels, ten restaurants, five general merchants, four dry-goods, ten clothing, eleven grocery, three drug, four jewelry, six boot and shoe, one commission, three fruit and confectionery, two furniture, five feed and grain, three hardware, and two book and stationery merchants, twelve meat markets, three sign painters, two bath-houses, six barber shops, three bakeries, ten blacksmith shops, one machine shop, three wagon shops, one auction house, one harness shop, thirty-two lawyers, twelve physicians, two dentists, one photographer, three banks, one knitting factory, six steam saw-mills, one planing-mill, one shingle and lath mill, five smelting-works (including one each at Malta and Adelaide), and three sampling-works. There is the usual number of saloons and gambling hells, and even dance-houses, to rob the unwary of money and health and honor. The simple enumeration of business houses conveys but a faint idea of the volume of business transacted. Many of the merchants carry stocks which would be considered preposterously large in towns of similar size at the East.

And Leadville's future progress promises to be as brilliant as its past. Before long it will enjoy the luxuries of pure water and gas. The water-works are so far completed that the mains have been laid, the hydrants put in place along several streets, and the water let in. Gas has been authorized by a nearly unanimous vote of the citizens, and an efficient Fire Department, with one hook-and-ladder and two hose companies, has been organized. Leadville's present telegraph facilities are to be doubled by the use of a duplex machine. A two-wire line from Pueblo is in process of construction, and was to have been completed by the 1st of June. The growth of the post-office is an index of the rapid progress of the town. One year ago the Leadville post-office occupied a seven-by-nine corner in a small building on Chestnut Street. In the single delivery window stood a call-bell, at whose warning some clerk would enter from an adjoining store to wait on the expectant citizen. There was no money-order department. To-day the office occupies one of the largest rooms in the city, and requires the unremitting attention of ten clerks. It has its separate ladies', stamp, and money-order departments. Long lines of men may be seen at all hours of the day standing at the four general delivery windows, impatiently "waiting their turn." During the week ending March 22, 315 money-orders were issued, amounting to $6844 47, or at the rate of $355,911 94 per year. Stamps to the amount of $620 52 were cancelled, or at the rate of $32,267 04 per year. And all this has been accomplished within two years. As one of the citizens of Leadville writes: "It is simply magical, this creation of a city in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, two miles above the sea, in a twelvemonth."

FATE AND RICHARD DAYTON.

"You might marry, Dick."

"On what? Are wives supported on saved cigar-money and tailors' bills? Can I keep house on an overdrawn bank account? No, no, Clive; I have eaten my cake, and enjoyed it. Now I must be content with the necessaries of life—a wife is a luxury."

"Yes, such a wife as Emma Loring would make. But there are varieties of wives; and, Dick, depend upon it, you will find it as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one."

"Marry a girl for her money! Clive, I am ashamed of you. I may be poor, but Richard Dayton could never, never, be poor enough for that meanness. Nothing in heaven or earth could induce me to marry an heiress—nothing." And the young man set his lips and looked defiance into the future.

The two friends were strolling leisurely through a pretty green wood, Clive lazily blowing the smoke of his Havana in graceful eddies, and Dick half angrily and half thoughtlessly striking down the tall golden-rods that fringed the narrow path. After Dick's little outburst both remained silent a few moments, and before Clive could either renew or change the subject some one touched Dick on the shoulder, and said, "Is the gentleman angry? Is the gentleman in love or in trouble? Let me read the gentleman's fortune."

The two young men turned together and met the gaze of a young Romany girl. She was so beautiful that her request would have been hard to deny; and she seemed so much in earnest that the laughing, bantering mood which both assumed was speedily dropped for one of genuine interest. Clive held out his little plump white hand first, and the girl barely glanced at it.

"You can eat and drink and sleep, my pretty Sir; others will work for you, and there are fools in plenty that will always make an almighty of Clive Raynor. But there is no wife in your fortune; and the girl you'll love will laugh at you."

"Can not your skill show me how to prevent the lady's scorn?" asked Clive, with ill-concealed annoyance.

"What is stronger than fate? You will love above you and beneath you, and you are not great enough either to stoop or to rise. That is all;" and she gave him a look which turned all his carefully controlled emotions into a perfect tumult of passion and delight.

Then she turned toward Dick. He was watching her with a curious pleasure, though he had clasped his hands behind his back. The attitude struck the girl at once, and she shrugged her shoulders scornfully.

"I have no need of your hand, good gentleman: your fate is written on your brow. Do not leave here to-day; your fortune has just arrived—stay and welcome it. A fair fortune, my good gentleman; and if you had a piece of gold, you might cross my hand for reading it."

"I have not."

"I know it; but your friend can do it for you;" and she held out her slim little yellow hand to Clive. The action was accompanied by a glance so bewitching that Clive for once gave gold away with a positive pleasure, and would, indeed, have prolonged the interview if his friend had shown the least inclination to do so. But Dick had already wandered onward, and the girl was in the act of parting the thick undergrowth which led to the tent behind it. So, though her beauty had stirred his heart as nothing in life had ever done before, he was too conventional to risk the danger of some other strollers from the hotel finding him *tête-à-tête* with a gypsy girl.

Dick smiled as his friend rejoined him. "Lucky fellow!"

"Unlucky, you mean. What is life without a wife?" and Clive jingled his money in his pockets, and looked sentimentally backward. "Will you wait and shake hands with your fortune?"

"No. I shall leave by the six-o'clock train. I have just time to catch it comfortably."

But when six o'clock arrived, the train did not appear; and by-and-by came a telegram saying that there was a wreck down the road, and that the passenger train would be delayed for an indefinite number of hours.

"So you can't go to-night, Dick, after all."

"The girl knew of the accident, of course. Come, let us return to the hotel, or we shall miss our supper as well as the train."

Half way up the long flight of steps leading to its main entrance they met Carrol Ashton. He was fresh from his third daily toilet, and looked quite conscious of all his strong personal points. Moreover, there was an unusual little flurry of excitement about his manner; so much so that Clive involuntarily asked: "Any thing new, Carrol?"

"I should think there is. Jane Ten Eyk is just arrived. Such a turn-out! Such trunks and servants! Why, old Marlow, his clerks, and all his *corps diplomatique* have been running after her and bowing down to her. What a snob Marlow is! He hasn't seemed to know me at all yet, though I have been paying him money for six weeks now."

"Never mind Marlow, Carrol. Who is Jane Ten Eyk?"

"Who is Jane Ten Eyk? What an ignoramus, Clive! Jane Ten Eyk is the great Western heiress: owns a whole silver mine in Colorado—pans out a thousand dollars a day—and no end of railway stock (Pacific, I think), besides being absolutely her own mistress."

"Well?"

"Well, don't you see what a chance she is for a poor handsome fellow like Carrol Ashton? She will be at the hop to-night, and I shall be there also; and of course I—I shall fall in love with her."

Dick had already passed on to the dining-room, and Clive, after a few silly words of encouragement, followed him. Dick was busy with beef-steak. Clive called for a glass of iced tea.

"Shall you go to the hop to-night, Dick?"

"Certainly not. Shall you?"

"Yes, I think so. A new face is always interesting."

"Perhaps Miss Ten Eyk will not be there."

"Oh yes, she will. Carrol's sister, in some feminine way, found that out. I wonder if she is pretty?"

"You would not think so."

"What, have you seen her, Dick?"

"I knew old Peter Ten Eyk; once helped him in a knotty piece of business; that is four years ago. I dare say his daughter has forgotten me."

"Nonsense! I thought Ten Eyk lived in some desolate little mining town among the Black Hills, or the Rocky Mountains, or somewhere of that kind. Carrol said so."

"Yes, he lived in Dogwood Gulch. Five years ago I had the gold fever, Clive, and went there. I did not find any gold. Ten Eyk was one of those little quicksilvery men that attract all the gold in their locality to themselves."

"And Miss Ten Eyk?"

"Had just returned from a St. Louis school then. A very nice young lady, I should say."

"Then why not renew the acquaintance?"

"To tell the truth, Clive, I had to borrow money from old Ten Eyk to get back to New York, and his daughter knew it. Of course I repaid it, but the old miser wanted interest. I did not like that, and I took the liberty of saying so, and also of sending him my account for a few professional services. So you see I have no pleasant antecedents on which to renew the acquaintance. Let us drop the subject."

Clive was willing to do so. He was a suspicious fellow about money matters, and in his heart thought it likely that Dick Dayton was in debt to the estate of the late Peter Ten Eyk. Besides, it was rather a principle of his to let any conversation drop which was inclined to drift toward cash.

But Dick did not find it as easy to drop the memories this short conversation awakened. He wandered off to a deserted end of the long piazzas, far away from the lights and music and laughter of the dancing-room, and lived over again the events of those dreary weeks in Dogwood Gulch. Certainly most prominent in them was a girlish figure clad in gray alpaca. He recalled a hundred circumstances—not all of them pleasant or picturesque—in which they had been concerned, and he wondered if the plain little chrysalis could have become the gay butterfly report said she was.

He had a mind to just step inside the ball-room and have a look at her. Then he remembered the gypsy's prophecy, and smiled scornfully at the inclination. "These vagrants," he thought, "know, because they keep their eyes and ears open. The girl in some way had learned both of the accident and of Miss Ten Eyk's arrival; and because I am considered—" Here Dick had the grace to stop in his reflections; yet he knew that he was strikingly handsome, and that uneducated women are apt to overrate the power of great beauty.

But he threw his cigar away and strolled toward the front of the hotel. Should he look at her or not? Was this girl the fortune that had been predicted? If so, he could, in this instance at any rate, defy fate, and choose for himself. And he chose to ignore Miss Ten Eyk that night, and to leave for New York before she was up in the morning. And Richard Dayton had so seldom in life felt able to order his movements according to his whims, that absolutely snubbing destiny in this fashion gave him an exhilarating sense of independence.

After that small temptation Miss Ten Eyk gave him little concern. His fate, indeed, seemed to lead him in ways far enough from the fortune that was associated with that young lady. He was obliged to work very hard, in order to retrieve a fruitless past, and lay the foundations of a more remunerative future, and he gradually dropped out of that gay society who dress more elegantly than Solomon's lilies, and yet who, like them, toil not, neither spin.

Still, he occasionally saw his old companions, for there are always hopes of a clever young lawyer, and as long as he has a decent suit of clothes, and does not want to borrow money, he is among the list of future possible eligibles. And after Richard Dayton's argument in a certain great railway case, his prospects brightened visibly. Acquaintances who had forgotten him for two years began to leave cards in his office, and send him pretty reminders of balls and dinners and very exclusive "evenings at home."

It was at one of the latter that he met Clive Raynor again. They had not seen each other for many months, and their hand-shake was unaffectedly glad and honest. "I thought you were in Europe for your health, Clive," said Dick. "You don't look well."

"No, I dare say not. I have gone through enough to kill me. Do you remember that handsome gypsy girl? She has made the biggest fool of me, and after all my running round after her, things came to nothing, and I had to go to Paris to console myself."

"Did you really want to marry her?"

"I don't know—I suppose so; but while I was trying to be sure about the whole affair, Reglita goes and marries one of her own wild yellow cousins, and he was so impolite, and said such dreadfully disagreeable things to me, that I was obliged to give up the girl. It nearly killed me. I had to go to Paris; and I shall never marry any one now. Reglita was right: I shall never have a wife, Dick."

The little, handsome, daintily dressed fellow did look so much changed that Dick had no heart to treat the confidence in any other way than seriously, and out of their mutual recollection of the lovely Romany girl sprang easily enough the memory of another woman—Miss Ten Eyk.

"Did you like her, Clive?"

"A good many of the fellows did; she always seemed to be laughing at me; and Reglita was very pleasant in those days. I did not care much about her. Carrol got his refusal, and a few others since him. People say that she suspects every man, and that she manages her own business mostly, for fear the lawyers cheat her."

"If she is like her father—" began Dick; and then, impelled to raise his head by the magnetic influence of a pair of great gray eyes, he saw Jane Ten Eyk earnestly regarding him. Before Dick could arrange his thoughts she had decided what to do, and was standing before him with a pleasant smile and outstretched hand. Dick was gratified. Men are as sensitive as women to such little social triumphs, and Jane chose—at least for this evening—to drive all her admirers into hostile relations with Richard Dayton.

Dick looked at the girl he had left in Dogwood Gulch very curiously. He thought of the gray alpaca dress and little white aprons, and contrasted them with the shimmering silk and flashing jewels, and Jane detected the thought ere it was defined in his own mind.

"You are thinking of my dress, and making comparisons, Sir. Men are born modistes. Why do you not look at my face? Is it also changed?"

"Very much," said Dick, bluntly.

"Good; I like that. For the better, or not for the better?"

"In some respects it is better; in others not so well." Then Dick had to define and support both of his positions, and by the time this was done, Jane Ten Eyk and he were on the very best of terms.

"You can go in and win, Dick," said Clive, mournfully, as he lit his parting cigar at Dick's that night. "Reglita said so, and she was always right. It is your fate, Dick."

"Nonsense, Clive! A man makes his own fate. You could have married Reglita if you had willed to do so; there was not a soul to forbid you: you are your own master."

"No, no; I could not, Dick. There was society, and all that. What would people have said if I had married a poor girl—a poor gypsy girl, Dick? I could not do it—I really could not."

"And I could not marry an heiress. What would people say? I could not do it—I really could not, Clive. So, if you please, we will say no more about Miss Ten Eyk."

Clive was quite willing; he greatly preferred to talk about the beautiful Reglita and his own blighted heart. And Dick really tried to make himself believe that because he did not talk much about Jane, he cared little for her. He chose to ignore the fact that he went out very often, and always with the hope of meeting her. He knew that society coupled their names together, and that acquaintances did not hesitate to congratulate him upon his good fortune. But he also knew that no word of love had passed between them since the renewal of their friendship, and he firmly believed that under no circumstances would he marry Jane Ten Eyk, unless by some strange turn of events he should become rich and she become poor.

One day he said this very plainly to an old gentleman who had been speaking to him on the prospects such an alliance as Dick's talents and Jane's dollars would open up for any legal or political aspirant. "I would not marry any woman, judge," he said, "who was richer than myself."

"Then, Sir, allow me to tell you that you have behaved very shabbily to Miss Ten Eyk—very shabbily indeed! Good-morning, Sir."

That was a charge that Dick's whole nature repelled, and yet perhaps it might be true. He resolved at once to have an understanding with the lady, although the subject was so delicate that he scarcely knew how to approach it.

Jane spared him the trouble. She was sitting in her morning-room with a newspaper before her, and when Dick was announced she seemed nowise astonished at the unusual hour of his visit. After the first courtesies of the meeting were over, she said, "I suppose you have seen this paragraph, Mr. Dayton, and it is very kind of you to attend to the matter at once."

Dick read the paragraph her finger indicated, and saw that it was a statement of their approaching marriage.

"How do such things get said, I wonder? I suppose it is one of the penalties of my wealth. Have I done any thing to countenance such a report? Why don't you speak, Mr. Dayton? It is not possible you dared to circulate this falsehood, Sir?"

All these questions Jane put with a constantly increasing pallor and hesitation, and all the time Dick had remained perfectly silent, with his eyes on the paper, and his cheeks flushing redder and redder. But when Jane covered her face with her hands and began to cry quietly, he could no longer debate with himself.

"Jane! Jane! dearest Jane!" he cried, taking her hands, and kissing the tears passionately off them, "you know I never did. Who honors and loves you as I do? Why, I have loved you for six years. If there was only any possible chance of these words ever becoming true, who would be so proud and happy in all the world as I would?"

Jane did not answer, but her eyes were clear as truth itself, and in her face Dick read, or might have read, a very sweet untold story.

But instead of asking her to tell it, he spoke of her riches and of his own poverty, and of what the world would say, and so accepted for himself the desolation of an empty heart rather than incur the shame of being called a fortune-hunter.

"He never thought of me! He never thought of me!" sobbed poor Jane, with her head buried in her pillow, after Dick's farewell. Her true and tender woman's heart had been dreadfully wounded and disappointed by his proud decision, but she would not show her sorrow to the world. For a time there seemed to be no change in her relations with Dick Dayton, but gradually they drifted further apart, and Dick again reminded himself that a man has his fate in his own hands; but it is doubtful whether he found any consolation in this supreme exercise of authority.

During the following summer he heard many reports about Miss Ten Eyk which helped him to believe that he had acted wisely in maintaining his independence, even at the expense of his affections. It was said that she had become more and more authoritative regarding her estate, that she had removed managers, and changed her investments without seeking advice either from friends or lawyers. People spoke of her as growing hard and penurious, and rapidly losing all the womanly graces which belonged to her sex and station.

So Dick rather congratulated himself on his escape. He was gradually gaining wealth and reputation, and when he had achieved an income of five thousand dollars a year, he meant to marry some pretty young girl who would be the realization of his peculiar ideas as to what a wife ought to be. One night he thought he had found the girl of these dreams, and the next morning, for one whole hour's reverie, the pretty Maria Fontane was paramount. Then, as he lifted the morning paper, the first words that struck his eyes were, "Miss Jane Ten Eyk."

He read the paragraph eagerly, put on his hat, and hastened down town to his office. As he had almost hoped, he found among his mail a letter signed "Jane Ten Eyk." It was dated from St. Louis, and read thus:

"My Friend,—When this reaches you, my absolute ruin will be known to a world so cold and cruel that I have not the courage to meet it. I have gone back to the little home in Dogwood Gulch, and if you will think as well of me as circumstances admit of, I shall not be quite unhappy.

"Jane Ten Eyk."

Then he turned to the newspaper, and read over again the "circumstances." They looked dark enough. It was said that a year ago the lead in the Ten Eyk mine had been lost, and that Jane had recklessly raised money on valuable securities in order to pursue a search for a treasure that was believed to be exhausted; and it was asserted that if Miss Ten Eyk would have taken proper counsel in the matter, she might at least have saved herself a comfortable competency.

Dick smiled queerly over these criticisms, hastily packed his travelling trap, bought a ticket for Kansas City, and started that night westward. Now that Jane was poor, he had no longer any doubts; he was willing, under such circumstances, to oblige Fate, and accept the wife she had chosen for him. He read her decree in a new light. It was *in* Jane, and not *with* her, that he was to gain a fortune. For the first time he respected the divination of the Romany girl.

After a week's travel he arrived at the Ten Eyk homestead. It was only a little frame cottage, but old Peter Ten Eyk had considered it a species of palace, and been exceedingly proud of its bow-window and its wide piazzas. Dick knew that the eastern one was Jane's favorite place in the afternoon, and he went at once there to seek her. She was sitting in a low rocker, sewing and dreaming, but she heard Dick's firm, rapid steps, and *knew them*. Dick's first glance at her face showed him it illumined with a tender expectation. He never knew who first threw ceremony to the winds: the only recollection was an embrace in which every thing was explained and every thing forgiven.

What a blissful evening that was! A full summer moon transfigured the mountains, and in its glory the lovers paced the wide plateau, and laid their plans for the future. Dick would not speak of Jane's fortune either in its past or its future. "Let the creditors of the estate have every dollar there was." And Jane was very grateful to him; it was a great relief not to have to explain all her mistakes.

Of course they were to marry at once, and after a short European trip, the home which Dick had been contemplating lately would be ready for them. Jane was very happy. Dick was better than a silver mine, and she was supremely content with the exchange. Mrs. Grundy, however, had her opinions about the whole "ridiculously Quixotic affair;" and the rigidly just ones thought it a very demoralizing thing that Jane Ten Eyk should be rewarded for her obstinate conceit with the handsomest and most promising *parti* in her set.

But the lovers in their self-satisfaction cared for none of these comments. They had a quiet wedding in the Ten Eyk home, and no one knew precisely on what steamer they sailed for Havre. Society can scarcely afford to interest itself about people who care so little for its demands, and therefore Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dayton were quite forgotten until near the following Christmas, when their select little "At Homes" gave the fashionable world a faint surprise.

They were open now to criticism, and were not spared: Dick was absurdly happy and demonstrative about that plain little wife of his, and Jane's affectation of contentment with her loss of fortune was ridiculous; the world knew her better, and was quite sure that she was envious and miserable beneath it.

In business circles Dick's singular behavior was also discussed. Why did he not marry the woman before she made ducks and drakes of old Peter's money? And at the clubs this question was thoroughly canvassed, to the exclusion of much more general ones. For men at clubs do discuss their household affairs; they call it politics, but women know better.

Still, people can not talk forever on one subject, however aggrieved they are about it, and in a few weeks the Daytons bade fair to quietly sink into the general obscurity of the unromantic mass. Just at this point Fate again interfered with Richard Dayton's plans. One afternoon he saw a gentleman leaving his house whom he knew, in a vague sort of way, as intimately associated with the management of the Ten Eyk estate.

An unpleasant feeling of some annoyance to be encountered, and which he ought no longer to put off, impressed him, and it was with a sensible decrease of his usual buoyant spirits that he sought his wife's room. His first glance at her face and attitude convinced him that something unusual had happened. She had a number of suspicious-looking papers before her, and was holding her head in her hands in a very thoughtful manner.

Still she smiled pleasantly at Dick, though in an uncertain mood; and rising with a sigh, pushed the papers inside the secretary, and locked it. Dick was determined to know the worst at once. "Something is worrying you, Jane; what is it, dear?"

"Dick, I am afraid that you will think that I have been deceiving you; that is the trouble. But, indeed, indeed, I can not help the way things have gone. I am so sorry, darling!"

"Why, what ever is the matter, wifey?"

"Oh, Dick, Simon Hewes has been here—father's old manager, you know—and he says, Dick dear, that they have found the lead again in the Ten Eyk mine—struck it richer than ever—and those shares, Dick, I bought, and that every one said were just so much waste-paper, Hewes has sold them for two hundred thousand dollars, and now he wants to know how the money is to be invested. I can't help it, Dick—indeed I can't; and what in the world am I to do with the mine and the money?"

"So I *have* married an heiress, after all," said Dick, laughing, and kissing the heiress twenty times over as evidence of his forgiveness. And Jane was very humble, and very thankful for Dick's kindness in the matter, and for the really handsome way in which he not only forgave his contrary destiny, but also took it into his own special care and keeping.

"Marriage takes all the nonsense out of a fellow, you see," said Clive Raynor, in his club, the night that this new topic about the Daytons came up; "and, besides, Dick did not know that he married an heiress."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" said the elegant Jenkins; "it is only a new version of an old comedy—*Love's Stratagem*. Bet you a hundred dollars Mrs. Dayton knew where the Ten Eyk lead was all the time; and old Simon Hewes knows railway scrip somewhat better than his Bible. I only wish some pretty girl would fool me in the same way. 'Pon my honor I do, now, really."

But if Dick ever suspected any fooling in the matter, he laid it all on Madame Fate, and he very graciously forgave her the deception, and accepted the fortune that was evidently so inevitable.

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

Sir David Wilkie, from the character of his delineations, will always be a great favorite. Sir John Sinclair, happening once to dine in company with Wilkie, asked in the course of conversation if any particular circumstance had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired: "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?"

To which Wilkie replied, "The truth is, Sir John, that *you* made me a painter."

"How! I?" exclaimed the baronet. "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

Wilkie then gave the following explanation: "When you were drawing up the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter."

We must not pass from Wilkie without relating the following amusing story: On the birth of the son of a friend—afterward a popular novelist—Sir David Wilkie was requested to become one of the sponsors for the child. Sir David, whose studies of human nature extended to every thing but infant human nature, had evidently been refreshing his boyish recollections of kittens and puppies, for after looking intently into the child's eyes as it was held up for his inspection, he exclaimed to the father, with serious astonishment and satisfaction, "He sees!"

During the residence in England of Haydn, the celebrated composer, one of the royal princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his (Haydn's) portrait. Haydn went to the residence of the painter and gave him a sitting; but he soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, with his usual care for his reputation, would not paint a man of such distinguished genius with a stupid countenance, and in consequence he adjourned the sitting to another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Sir Joshua communicated the circumstance to the commissioning prince, who contrived the following stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl who was in the service of the queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native tongue with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly and successfully seized its traits.

Opie was once painting an old beau of fashion. Whenever this gentleman thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said, very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

Sir Joshua once hearing of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious marriage, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence, to inquire into the case. The unfortunate artist told the melancholy particulars of his situation, adding that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation Sir Joshua rose to take his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him. When bidding him adieu at the door, Sir Joshua took him by the hand, and after squeezing it cordially, hurried off with a benevolent triumph in his heart, while the astonished and relieved artist found in his hand a bank-note for one hundred pounds!

Of Gainsborough we are told that both himself and his neighbors were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was then residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board, and painted him so inimitably well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighboring gentry and farmers immediately recognized the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist.

Haydon's "Mock Election" was painted in this wise: As many other artists have been, both before and since, Haydon was in difficulties, and in July, 1827, was an inmate of the King's Bench Prison. One day some of his fellow-prisoners got up a burlesque of an election. "I was sitting in my own apartment," writes the painter, "buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing, at the darkness of my prospects, and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to my window. In spite of my own sorrows, I laughed out heartily when I saw the occasion."

Haydon sketched the grotesque scene, painted it in four months, and with the aid of noblemen and friends, and the advocacy of the press succeeded in exciting the sympathy of the country. The picture proved attractive as an exhibition; still better, it was purchased by King George IV. for five hundred pounds; and it was conveyed from the Egyptian Hall to St. James's Palace. A committee of gentlemen then undertook Mr. Haydon's affairs, and with the purchase-money of the picture and the proceeds of the exhibition the painter was restored to his family. In 1828 he painted, as a companion to this picture, "The Chairing of the Members," which was bought by Mr. Francis, of Exeter, for three hundred guineas.

"Not one in ten thousand, perhaps," it has been said, "can move his ears." The celebrated Mr. Mery used, when lecturing, to amuse his pupils by saying that in one thing he surely belonged to the long-eared tribe; upon which he would move his ears very rapidly backward and forward. Albinus, the celebrated anatomist, had the same power, which is performed by little muscles not seen. Mr. Haydon tried it once, in painting, with great effect. In his picture of "Macbeth," painted for Sir George Beaumont, when the thane was listening in horror, before committing the murder, the artist ventured to press the ears forward like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound. It is very effective, and increases amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectator's being aware of the reason.

Vernet, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but the saint is not in the cave."

"I understand you, Sir," replied Vernet. "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The purchaser took the painting, but it again appeared to him that the figure was not *in* the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure, and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers he said, "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we can not see the saint," the visitors would reply.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer; "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterward farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

Rubens seems to have been a remarkably diligent painter. We are enabled to form some estimate of his astonishingly productive powers when we consider that about one thousand of his works have been engraved. An extraordinary number of his paintings adorn the most celebrated public and private galleries, and many churches in different parts of Europe. Yet of the countless pictures every where attributed to Rubens, but a small proportion were entirely painted by his own hands; the others contain more or less of the workmanship of his pupils. Like many other great painters, Rubens was an architect too; his own house and the church and college of the Jesuits in Antwerp were built from his designs.

We conclude with the following amusing list of anachronisms in painting. These are to be found in works of all ages. Thus we have Verrio's *periwigged* spectators of "Christ healing the Sick;" Abraham about to shoot Isaac with *a pistol;* an Ethiopian king in a *surplice, boots,* and *spurs;* Belin's "Virgin and Child" listening to a *violin;* and in Albert Dürer's "Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise," the angel wearing *a flounced petticoat.* Then we have Cigoli's "Simeon at the Circumcision" with *spectacles on nose;* the Virgin Mary helping herself to *a cup of coffee* from a chased *coffee-pot;* and St. Jerome painted with *a clock* by his side. N. Poussin has represented "The Deluge" with *boats,* and "Rebecca at the Well" with *Grecian* architecture in the background. And in a picture representing "Lobsters in the Sea listening to the Preaching of St. Anthony of Padua," the lobsters are *red,* though yet, it is to be presumed, *unboiled.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

He looked up very humbly, and said he was sorry to be found in such a place, but he could assure the Court that he was never in the prisoner's box before. "Never?" asked the Court, with some severity. "Look a-here, judge," said the culprit, "name the fine, but for Heaven's sake don't spring that *Pinafore* gag on a fellow!"

He entered the grocery, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly like the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said, "No; we sell nothing on tick;" and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

That was neat, the remark of a young lawyer on Washington Street, the other morning. A friend accosted him: "John, I wish you would change this twenty-dollar bill for me." The blushing but pleased attorney lifted his hat and replied: "My good boy, you flatter me—you flatter me."

The tramp's last dodge is to ask your advice about going to the next town, and when you warmly advise him to go, he says he has much confidence in your good judgment, and will emigrate further on at once. "But," he adds, "wouldn't you advise me to borrow ten cents before I start?"

"Why do you look so glum and cross, William, whenever I ask you to go out with me to any party or theatre?" inquired Isabella. "My love," said William, "there would be no merit in going were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please, my dear."

A Connecticut man recently said: "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

A damsel applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry-goods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

If speech is silver, then the floors of the Senate and House ought to be knee-deep in dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and half dimes.

He said but little, yet as he gazed on the mutilated edge of his best razor, he mentally vowed never again to marry a woman with corns.

A child without legs has just been born. "Thank Heaven!" said the weeping father, "this will never be a champion pedestrian."

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady to her boarders. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied one of them.

When a society reporter wishes to puff a plain, vulgar girl, he remarks that she is as beautiful as she is accomplished.

"What made you quit the East?" said a man in Nevada to a new-comer. "I got into trouble by marrying two wives," was the response. "Well," said the other, "I came out here because I got into trouble by marrying only one wife." "And I," added a by-stander, "came here because I got into trouble simply by promising to marry one."

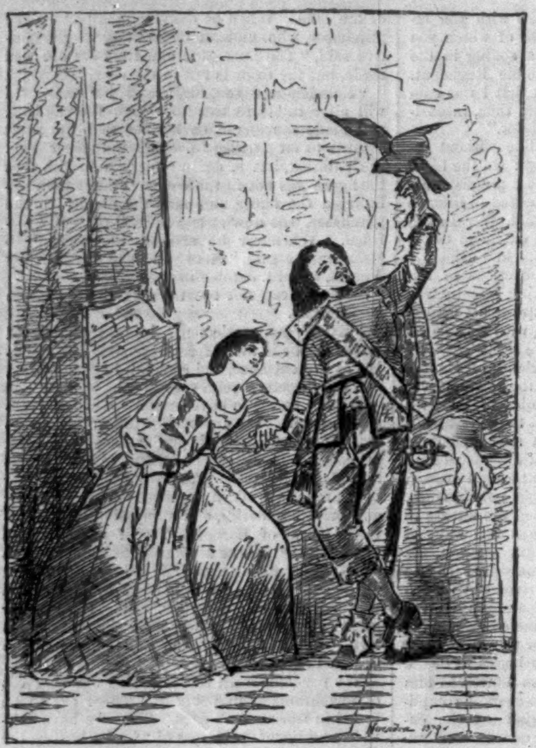
A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment: "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' it's naythur of us." "Yaw, dat ish dru. I am anudder man, und you is not yourself, und we are some odder bodies."

A young man having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time-honored toast of "Woman," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from Scott:

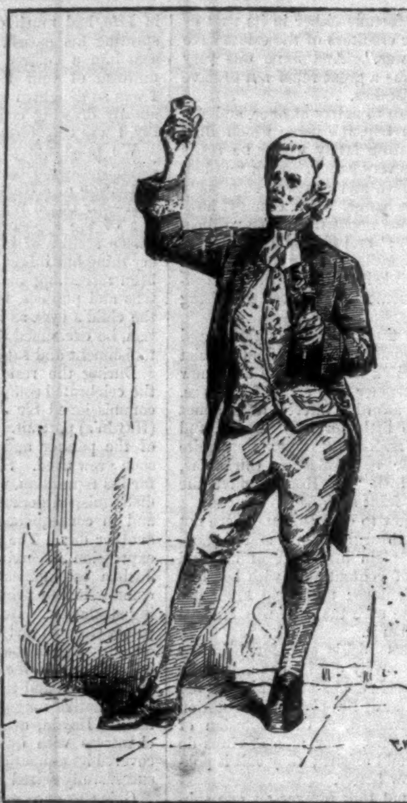
"'O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.'"

Here his memory failed him; but after a little hesitation he continued in triumph:

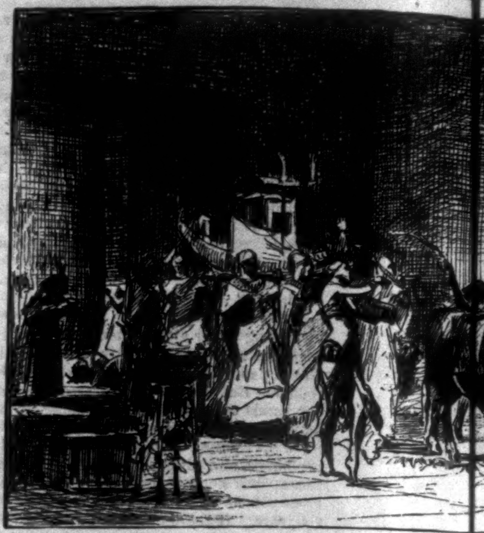
"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."



"THE FAVORITE FALCON."—T. HOVENDEN.



"THE TOAST."—F. MOSS.



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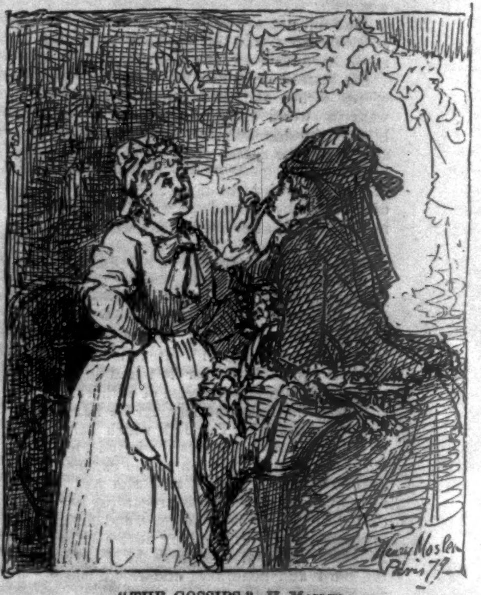


"THE GOSSIPS."—H. MOSLER.

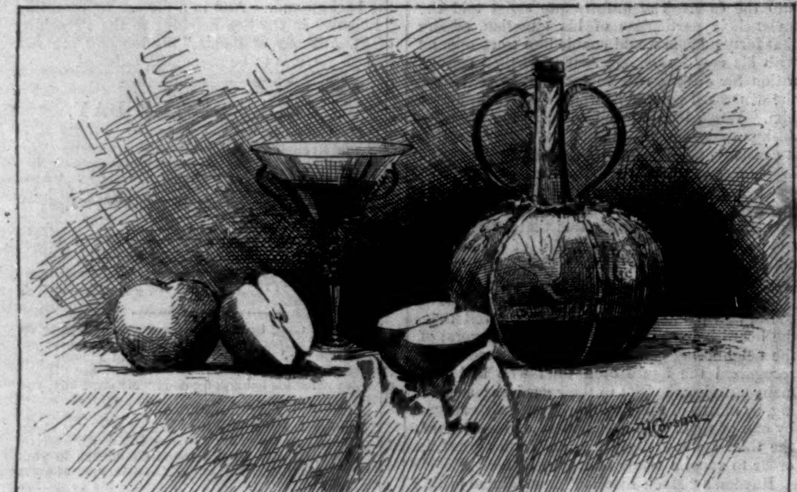
THE PARIS SALON OF 1879.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF HARPER'S WEEKLY]

The Grand Opening.—Description of the Scene.—Some of the most notable Pictures.—American Exhibitors.

PARIS, *May* 15, 1879.

THE Salon has opened with fine weather, which, according to tradition, invariably accompanies the ceremony, as rain usually descends on a séance of the Académie Française.

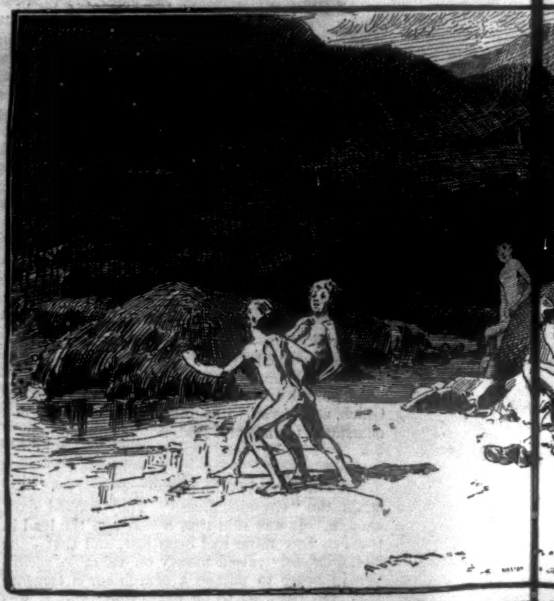


"STILL LIFE."—MISS H. CORSON.

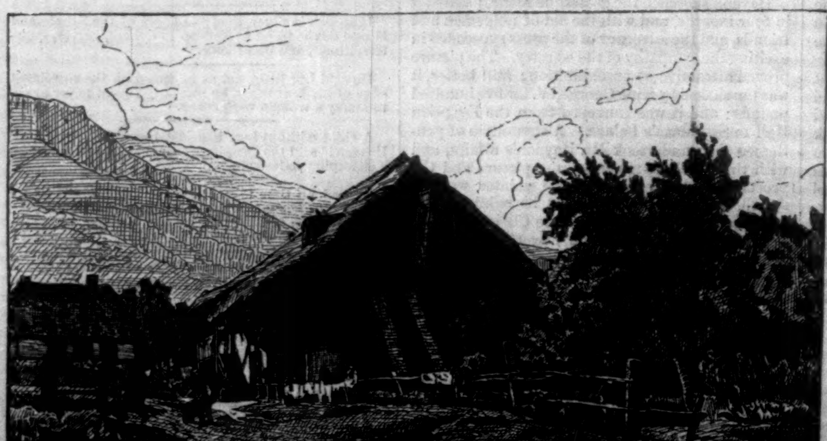
President Grévy and his daughter inspected the exhibition on Saturday. On Sunday the magical formula of the varnishing brought together the usual piquant assemblage of artists, literary men, and actresses of celebrity. Monday the gates of the Palais de l'Industrie were thrown open to the world. What American has not dreamed of attending the opening of the Paris Salon? Fashion as much as art has placed this golden fruit on a high branch of the tree of human possibilities, and the fame thereof has spread beyond the sea. The golden fruit must be plucked and eaten if practicable, even if it should leave a bitter flavor of disappointment on the palate. Reputation often exceeds reality, and certainly a visit to the Salon of this year is calculated to dispel many illusions in the mind of a stranger.

Imagine yourself, friendly reader, at the entrance of the vast Palais de l'Industrie on a soft gray noonday. Outside, the trees of the Champs Elysées are green, the fountains of the Rond Point foam in silvery plumes of falling waters, the *bonnes*, with their floating cap-ribbons, carry rosy babies, and the little *cafés chantants* are decking their gardens for a summer campaign. You enter the gates, and ascend lofty flights of stone steps on the right, excessively dirty at the moment from the passage of many feet. A throng of visitors precedes, surrounds, and follows you, eager to gain the same goal. A first glance at this audience surprises you as much as the collection of pictures; indeed, the crowd bears a curious resemblance to the art exhibition of the year 1879. You behold a crowd of burly and bearded men in rough overcoats, accompanied by their womenkind in startling toilets which you have been taught not to deem French, above all, Parisian. These furnish the latest phase of the republic, and do not belong to the *haute finance*. True gems of elegance may be discovered in this assemblage later, just as great and good works of art may be discerned in the motley assemblage of daubs comprised in the three thousand works accepted by the jury of the season, and which fill twenty-eight rooms.

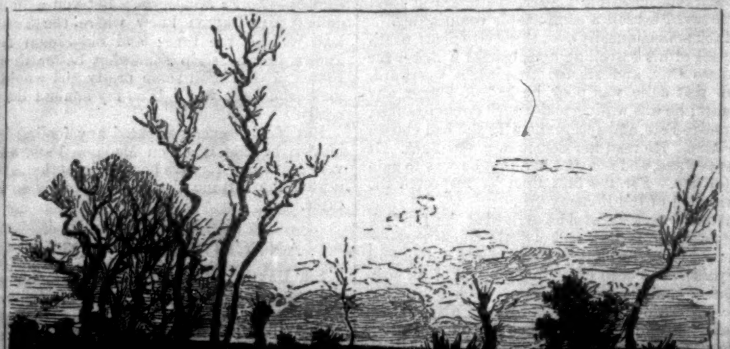
Above, the walls of the vestibule are hung with tapestry, and the cases of miniatures and modern enamels are worthy of inspection. There is the smiling and persuasive saleswoman, true daughter of Paris, with her little pile of catalogues, yellow and blue. Now you find yourself in Salle XXV., which is actually that of entrance. It is a vast room, lofty and light. The leather ottoman encircling standards of plants in the centre is already encumbered with weary humanity. The crowd pours through the door; bonnets and hats pass continually between your range of vision and the pictures liming the walls. Is this a merciful interposition, or otherwise? A French critic has stated that a first glimpse of the heterogeneous collection brought together here may well occasion a doubt as to what effort of aspiring genius can have been rejected, and prophesies the speedy withdrawal of the best artists in exasperation from the field. You observe a variety of huge and often gaudy pictures on the walls of this entrance salle, visible above the heads of the surging throng—a "Republic," by M. Ehrmann, a "St. Vincent de Paul," by M. Lecomte-Dunony, or a fine landscape by M. Français, the "Vallée de Rossillon."



"A HOLIDAY—



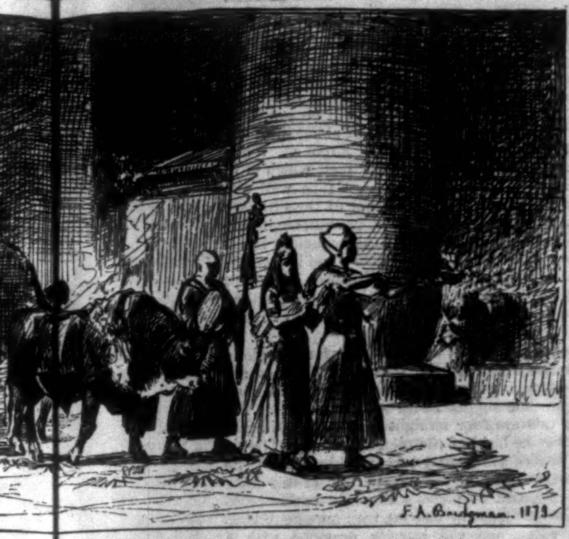
"OLD PEASANT HOME, SWITZERLAND."—C. E. DUBOIS.



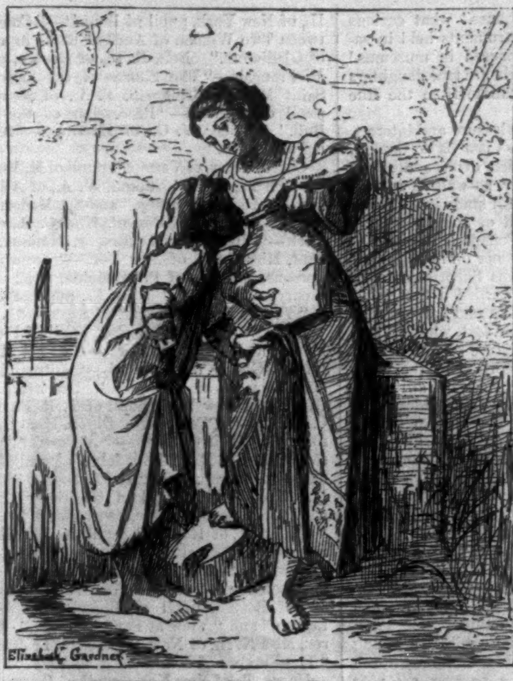
"SCENE IN BRITTANY."—H. BOLTON JONES.

"L'A

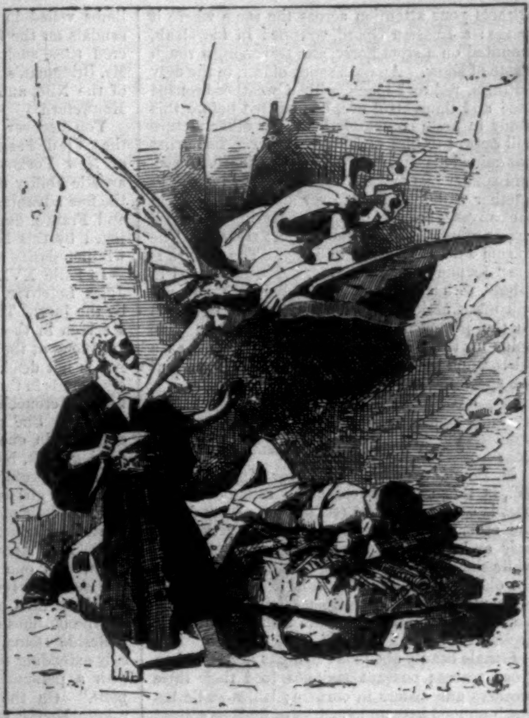
THE PARIS SALON—SOME AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS



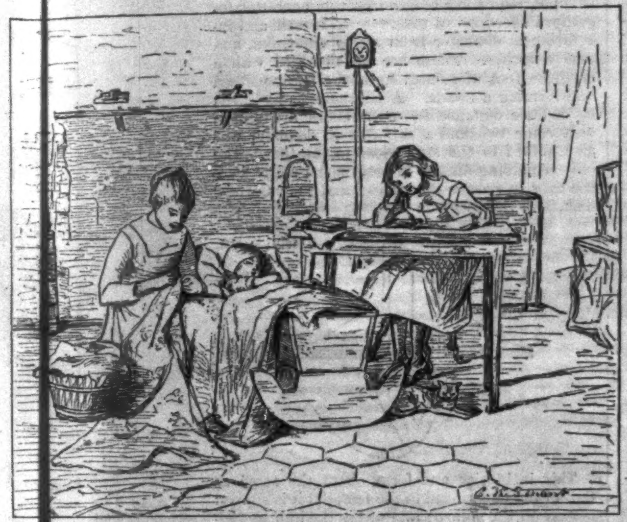
THE SACRED BULL."—F. A. Bridgman.



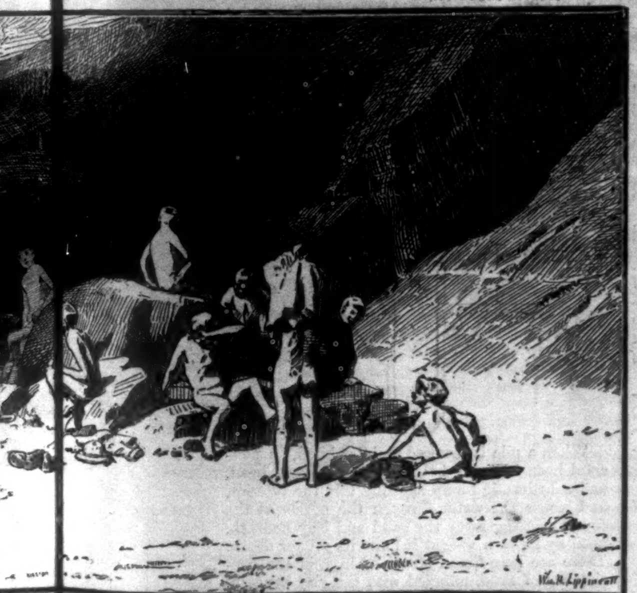
"AT THE FOUNTAIN."—Miss Elizabeth Gardner.



"THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM."—C. S. Pearce.



"FAMILY LIFE."—Miss C. W. Conant.



OLIDAY."—W. H. Lippincott.

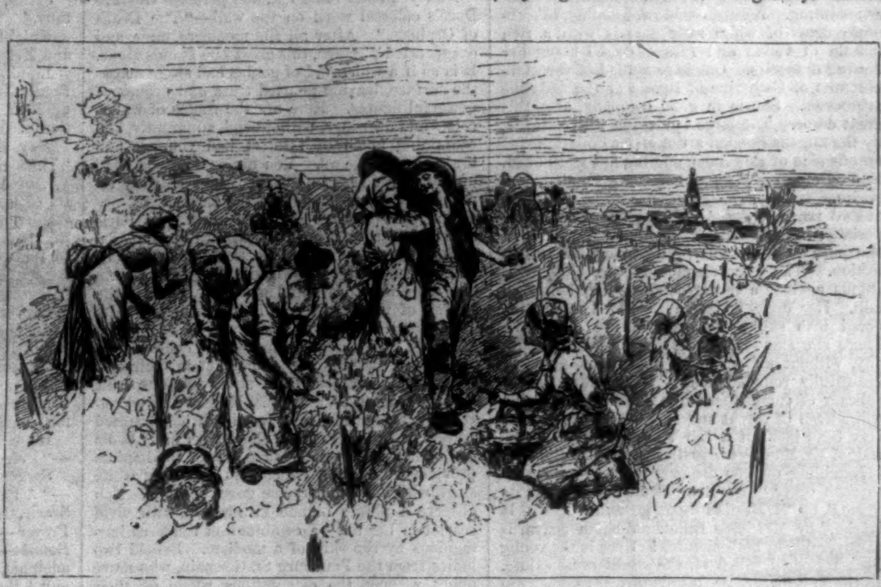
Right and left extend vistas of adjacent salles—large rooms, small rooms, narrow rooms. Ah! if the jury had gathered all the works of true merit together, what a pleasure would have resulted! But no; they were far too sagacious for that. The bewildered visitor must wander on through all the dreary rooms, either discovering a beautiful study in surprise, or overlooking true excellence because of mediocre neighbors.

At the outset the salle of entrance gives you the key to several prominent features of the artistic mind, as here revealed. Blood is very popular in the Salon of 1879. It gushes from the wounds of greenish-tinted martyrs, while theatrical attendants bend over them in lackadaisical sympathy; it lies in horrible stagnant pools on marble pavements beneath the fallen heads of heroes, or pours from the trunk of a Medusa while Perseus capers near; it even stains the linen which St. Elizabeth of Hungary binds about the broken head of a beggar child. Blood, accompanied by the most morbid and writhing aspect of human agony, evidently holds a high rank in the estimation of the jury. A battle-field is a positive relief, when gained. Here is legitimate, wholesome carnage; soldiers thrust each other with bayonets, and die manfully.

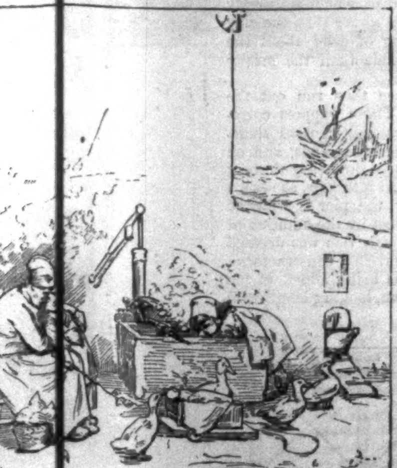
Another marked characteristic is a fondness for depicting religious scenes. Why does the French school deal so largely in Madonnas, insipid without holiness; in ecstatic saints, with their heads held on one side, anticipating visions; in Crucifixions, dismal without grandeur? Surely the foreigner is unable to ascribe deep religious reverence to the average French mind. Fra Angelico would weep, in heaven, to behold the saints and angels of the Paris Salon occupying a prominent position in the leading artistic city of the world at the present day. Raphael and Masaccio would find St. John in the Wilderness, instead of a beautiful boy clad in sheep-skin, with the great, luminous eyes and spiritual expression which foreshadowed his own destiny, here depicted with a mild and simpering aspect, as of an urchin on his good behavior, but tempted to follow the flight of a bird in the sky. Why do not young artists abandon this field to the old masters, to whom it justly belonged?

In contrast, there are the portraits of a great number of dresses, carefully executed, with quite indifferent wearers inside of them, as well as unusual prominence given to striped stockings on occasion, together with the usual collection of panels of fruit and masses of flowers, either heaped in little carts, or beneath the umbrellas of a street stand. The fish and game, the strawberries, peaches, and cray-fish, are sufficiently excellent to tempt the appetite of the lover of art who hastened hither after the cup of morning coffee. The visitor who hoped in vain for an exhibition without the inevitable Jeanne d'Arc might find an echo in another desirous of escaping from perpetual contemplation of Dr. Jenner's system of vaccination, as rendered by the Roman sculptor Montaverde. Not only was the philanthropist Dr. Jenner in marble a presiding presence at the Exposition, but the sculptor Montaverde now appears at the Salon attired in his blouse, with folded arms, a bristling beard, and a very determined expression of countenance, contemplating his work. Fortunately Dr. Jenner has dwindled to a tiny wax model, placed on a pedestal before the sculptor. A man in the act of puncturing the arm of a struggling baby is not an agreeable object of contemplation, however faultless in execution, and should be banished to the hospital as speedily as possible.

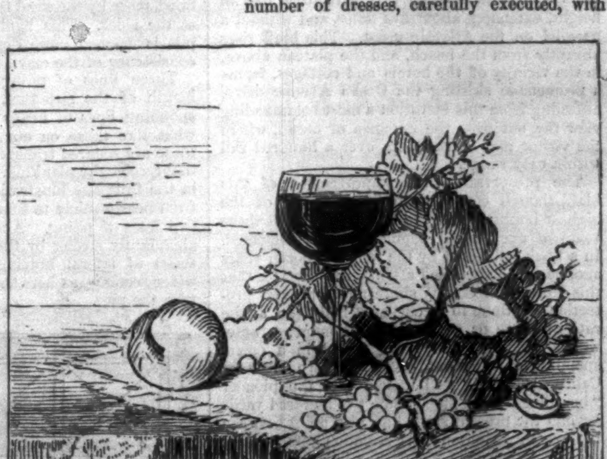
Here is a portrait of Mlle. Samary, of the Théâtre Français, by Mlle. Abbema. The portrait is sufficiently droll and odd to please the caprice of a young actress who aims at originality. A vivid green background relieves the jaunty blonde head of Mlle. Samary; she is attired in a woolen dress of gray tint fastened with an exaggerated buckle and belt at the waist, while an enormous purple bow adorns the throat. Her blue eyes scintillate with mockery and fun, her nose acquires a most uncompromising *retroussé* from her pose, and her red lips laugh. Such is the freshest bud of the Théâtre Français, who now sparkles in the new play of *Etincelle*. Here is a sombre picture which



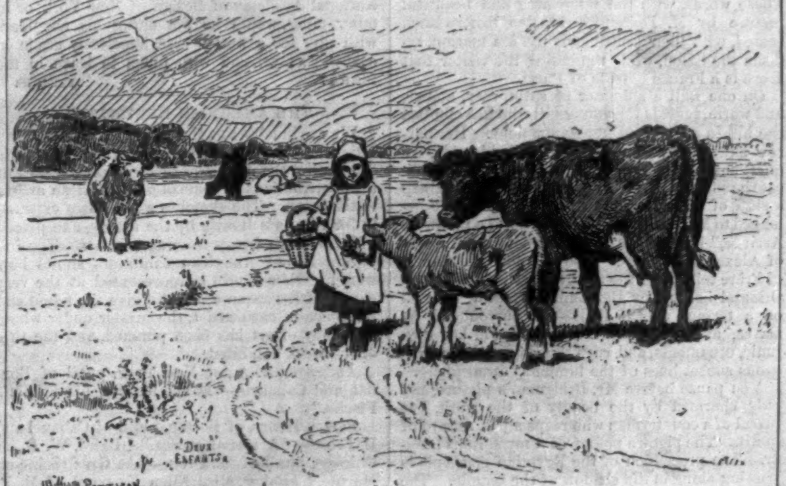
"VINTAGE TIME IN FRANCE."—D. R. Knight.



"L'ANGELUS."—Miss Mary L. Stone.



"STILL LIFE."—Miss Helen Searle.



"TWO INFANTS."—J. W. Pattison.

IONS TO THE EXHIBITION.—From Original Sketches by the Artists.

attracts your attention across the room where it hangs: a Russian Guard, wrapped in his cloak, mounted on a stout horse, and traversing a rough waste of snow. An old French officer, in the ugly uniform, red and black, with a weather-bronzed face and thoughtful eye, has paused before this study in mute contemplation. No other picture will appeal to him with equal power. The artist has gained his aim, and found his audience. A second soldier has paused before another picture in another salle. You discover a fresh interest in the canvases because of those observing them with innate appreciation of the subject treated. The second soldier is young and gay. The picture is the "Jeanne" of M. Forçade. A peasant girl in sabots, with a basket on her back, has found a red silk mask amidst the débris of flowers scattered on the pavement by a reveller at dawn. She holds up the mask, using the shop window as a mirror, and glances archly over her shoulder at the spectator, while singing:

> "On soupe encor, le gaz éteint,
> Tant pis pour toi, Mélancolie!
> Oh! que c'est gentil, la Folie
> Jusqu' à six heures du matin."

M. Bonnât's portrait of Victor Hugo, in Salle IV., is fine, and attracts much attention. The poet is seated, his head resting on one hand, and the other thrust into his vest. The attitude is easy and harmonious, without much elegance, while the expression is perplexing. "Of what is the old man thinking?" It is to be hoped that he contemplates, in retrospection, the mighty works of his youth and prime rather than of his decline.

Female beauty abounds: nymphs are tossed on green waves; peasant maidens feed their little brothers and sisters in corners; ladies smile beneath plumed hats and wreaths of flowers, attired in purple velvet and black satin, even illuminated with the electric light. Madame Judic beams on her admirers in an embroidered robe of autumnal tints. Bouguereau's young Bohemians gaze at the world with limpid, fearless eyes. The "Birth of Venus," a large and ambitious work, reveals all the skill and beauties of the great artist, yet causes the heretical mind to revert to the tribune of the Uffizi at Florence and Titian's Venus, fading from the canvas with the years.

A magnificent portrait by Carolus Duran seems to embody the very pomp of accessories in modern painting. A lady, blonde and stately, in elaborate dress of white satin, stands with a rich mantle of velvet and furs gathered about her flowing draperies. One is reminded of the state portraits of Catherine of Russia or the Palatine princesses. She is in good company, also, this great dame. The large landscape with animals, by the famous Belgian artist Marie Collart, hangs on one side of this room, and the fine work of M. Émile Delperée, "Luther before the Council," opposite.

Two portraits by Alexandre Cabanel are especially worthy of attention; that of Madame la Marquise de C—— you prefer to any in the collection. The lady, slender, supple, and erect, stands against a background of rich blue curtain. Her dress is pale ivory-tinted satin, bordered with sable, the color of her own hair. There she stands in severe and elegant simplicity, without an ornament in ear, on neck, or beautifully rounded arms. What softness and delicacy of hues where the rich furs touch the white flesh of throat and shoulder! This is the very beau ideal of a fair Parisienne. The portrait of Mr. Mackay is equally successful in its way.

Rambling on, you discover in close proximity to each other "Les Ramasseurs de Pommes de Terre," by M. Bastien Lepage, and "Avant la Rêche," by M. Pierre Billet. What a charm is discoverable in both pictures! Here is the young French school which all the world must salute. In the first picture two sturdy peasant women are gathering the harvest of ripened potatoes in the brown October fields. A gray sky, brown and sere fields, and the women at work, themselves homely daughters of toil, such is the canvas of M. Bastien Lepage, whose friends anticipate for him a glorious future. The second study is more suggestive to a casual observer. M. Pierre Billet depicts a party of fisherwomen awaiting the boats, grouped on the grayish verdure of the coast, while the sea expands before them, blue and calm as on days of midsummer. How characteristic the repose of these women and girls! One has fallen asleep, with her head on her creel; another plucks the grass, her brown feet extended at ease; a third sits erect to scan the horizon. These works, with the interesting and beautiful picture by M. Feyren-Perrin, two fisherwomen seated, with their knitting, on the sea margin, redeem the Salon, while reminding the visitor that there is a France outside of Paris.

On one wall a shimmer of satin, rosy, amber, and warm, reveals the young girl who has climbed the hill in advance of her companions. Her narrow skirt of the First Empire is held aside, coquettishly displaying a satin-shod foot, while delicate hands, covered with white lace mittens, grasp a staff of a shepherdess such as might have belonged to Marie Antoinette. This is "La première Arrivée," by Jean Gustave Jacquet, the property of Alexandre Dumas. Above a door the camels of Frère toil across the tawny desert. Beyond, an Oriental beauty, by Benjamin Constant, reclines on a terrace of the house-top, surrounded by slaves, and gazes down on the town, her own tunic, ornaments, and rugs glowing with the gorgeous sunset hues of the luminous atmosphere.

You pause before Mr. Bridgman's picture, not only charmed by the beauty of the work, but proud of a countryman who reaps a just reward of merit. The picture possesses a mysterious beauty. The procession of the Egyptian god Apis is passing along in the shadow of the temple. The sacred animal is decked with flowers; the priests and dancers surround him. What minute and careful finish in the rich trappings of the bull! what lightness and grace in the dancers, their limbs veiled in spangled tissues! what curious sandals on the feet, and instruments held in sacred rites, such as are treasured in museums! Mr. Bridgman's Egyptian girls are true daughters of the Nile, and do not emanate from the Rue Mouffetard.

You discover, with equal pleasure and interest, the "Vie de Famille," by Miss Cornelia W. Conant, of New York—a work which evinces the true artistic ability of the painter, as well as reveals the fine advantages for careful study in Germany and France, during a period of some years, enjoyed by this lady. Miss Conant is destined to win popularity and reflect honor on her country.

In Salle XVI. is the "Diana Surprised" of M. Jules Lefebvre, the work awarded a first place by the jury. The room is long and narrow, with a screen in the centre. You seat yourself, and gaze long at the exquisite picture so well placed. Art is not dead. Diana, surprised by the hunters, stands in the shadow of a rock, her affrighted nymphs crouched about her. The goddess does not flee. She pauses, with her auburn tresses gathered in one hand, and her white draperies flowing back, her attitude stately, and her head turned in profile, with a threatening flash in her eye. The girl kneeling at her feet, with upturned face, has hair of pale gold, while her companions in the background are dark in flesh-tints and garments. Another girl crosses the stream in flight, with one arm raised to shield her eyes. The shadowy rock, the rippling brook, the delicate loveliness of Diana and her nymphs—such are the outlines of this fine picture.

Beside Diana, M. La Plesse exhibits a young lady extending the poor-box in a Catholic Church with a persuasive "*Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plait.*" On the neighboring wall, M. Laporte's "Jolly Monk" surveys in the monastery garden a great golden pumpkin. There are glimpses of Italian streets, by Lebel; a Breton interior, by M. Lebrun; a ripple of foliage and water, by Legrand. At the other extremity of the salle, "The Death of Chramm," by M. Luminais, portrays this son of Clotaire I. bound to the stake with his wife and family for revolting against his father.

A crowd surrounds a small picture in a corner, of which you obtain only a glimpse of frame. The rumor circulates that it is a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt. Such is fame.

Now you enter Salle IX., and perceive Gustave Doré's colossal work on the wall—"The Death of Orpheus." After all the mediocre, tame, and exaggerated pictures, this great one stands alone. It is as if a whirlwind of genius had swept across the surface, leaving gnarled trees and groups of powerful figures. Here are the rooms of water-colors and drawings, without end, apparently, and containing much of interest had you eye and brain to perceive all. You notice a crayon head of the Mona Liza in passing, which actually reproduces the subtle smile of the original.

The galleries and garden remain. In Paris alone could the shrine of sculpture be rendered equally attractive. Imagine the great dépôt of Forty-second Street filled with flowering plants and lined with busts and statues! Such is the garden of the Palais de l'Industrie beneath its glass dome. The gentlemen smoke, the ladies meet and exchange greetings. The color known as peacock green is very prominent in their costumes, and eccentric little straw bonnets, bent down over the eyes, abound. Here are rayed velvets of every hue, and wondrous flame-tinted feathers. All dresses are short, with natty boots and dainty ruffles visible, save that of the hapless provincial lady, who appears in a trailing white skirt, with her cumbersome gown held up. You observe a plump blonde in maroon, with vivid scarlet in her hat—a combination rendered harmonious by the skill of a modiste. Behold two ladies from the Faubourg St. Germain, who move about without the ostentatious rustle of their neighbors. One is attired in black satin, with a small mantle of the same rich fabric, and a wide Cavalier hat, also black. Her companion's dress is a marvel of those indistinguishable Indian tints now in fashion, so rich and yet so subdued. Her mantle is very quaint and tiny. Surely it was made of a fragment of India shawl. Instinctively these two ladies remind you of the Cabanel portrait above stairs.

Then you emerge on the Champs Élysées, amidst the throng of waiting carriages, once more. You have visited the opening Salon of 1879. Is it the golden apple, placed so high on the tree of possibility, or Dead Sea fruit? If a Parisian inspected this identical collection in the American National Academy of Design of New York, or in other cities, would he not shrug his shoulders with pity for a new people hopelessly crude in coloring as yet, and with much to learn in the future?

Artemis.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITORS.

We are indebted to Mr. M. Woolf, an American artist now residing in Paris, for the opportunity of printing the double-page series of sketches of the contributions of some of our American artists to the Salon. The sketches were drawn expressly for *Harper's Weekly* by the artists, and placed in Mr. Woolf's hands for transmission. The following list of American exhibitors shows how well the New World is represented at the very centre of European art. We give the name and residence of each artist, the master under whom the study of art has been pursued, and the title of the work exhibited.

Anderson, A. A., of New York, pupil of Bonnât and Cabanel—"David tending his Father's Flocks."

Bacon, Henry, of Boston, pupil of Cabanel and E. Frère—"A Burial at Sea." Baird, W. B., of Chicago, pupil of M. Yvon—"At Grez (Seine-et-Marne)." Baker, Miss Ellen K., pupil of M. P. Soyer—"A Portrait." Bierstadt, Albert, of New York—"A River Scene in California." Bispham, H. C., of Philadelphia, pupil of Van Marcke—"The famous Lion Sultan." Blashfield, Edwin H., of New York, pupil of Bonnât—"Combat between Two Women of Ancient Rome in a School of Gladiators." Boït, E. D., of Boston, pupil of M. Français—"The Shores of the Rance, near Saint Malo." Bridgman, F. A., of New York, pupil of Gérôme—"Procession of the Sacred Bull." Bunce, W. G., of Hartford—"A Morning at Venice."

Chase, Harry, of Vermont, pupil of M. Merdag—"Dutch Tug-Boat." Coffin, W. A., of Alleghany City—"An Inn, Brittany," and "A Modern Academy of Painting." Coman, Miss C. B., of New York—"View near Dordrecht, Holland." Conant, Miss C. W., of New York—"Family Life." Corsons, Miss H., of Philadelphia, pupil of T. R. Fleury—"Still Life." Cox, K., pupil of Gérôme—"Young Venetian Girl."

Dana, W. P. W., of Boston, pupil of Picot and Le Poitevin—"Breakers"—Channel Islands. Daniels, George, of New York—"Autumn Effect," and "Oranges and Apples." Deschamps, Miss Camille, of New York, pupil of T. R. Fleury and C. Müller—"A Portrait." Dillon, Henry, of California, pupil of C. Duran—"A Portrait." Dodson, Miss S. P. B., of Philadelphia, pupil of Luminais—"Deborah," and "The Dance." Dubois, C. E., of New York, pupil of Gleyre—"October," and "Old Peasant Home, Switzerland."

Flagg, M., of Hartford, pupil of J. de la Chevreuse—"A Portrait."

Gardner, Miss E. J., pupil of Merle, Bouguereau, and Lefebvre—"At the Fountain." Gay, Walter, of Boston, pupil of Bonnât—"A Fencing Lesson," and "View at Fontainebleau." Greatorex, Miss K. H., of New York, pupil of Jeannin—"The Flowers of Mentone."

Harvy, T., of New York, pupil of Duran—"Environs of Grez." Healy, G. P. A., of Boston—"Two Portraits." Heaton, A. G., of Philadelphia, pupil of Cabanel and Bonnât—"A Little Calculation," and "A Special Favor." Herpin, Mrs. M. Masseras, of Boston, pupil of Madame Colin-Libour—"Apples and Grapes," and "Flowers." Hlasko, Miss Annie, of Philadelphia, pupil of Guillemet—"A Portrait." Hovenden, T., of New York, pupil of Cabanel—"The Favorite Falcon," and "Landscape." Hyneman, H. N., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"Desdemona."

Irwin, B., pupil of Duran—"The Rivals," and "A Portrait."

Jones, H. B., of Baltimore—"View in Brittany."

Knight, D. R., of Philadelphia, pupil of Gleyre and Meissonier—"Vintage Time in France."

Lippincott, W. H., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"A Holiday." Loomis, C., of Syracuse, pupil of Bonnât—"Viola," and "The Presentation of the Intended."

May, E. H., of New York, pupil of Couture—"The Curiosity," and "A Portrait." Maynard, G. W., of Washington—"A Portrait." Millet, F. D., of Boston—"The Peace-Makers," and "San Stephano." Mosler, H., pupil of Hebert—"The Return," and "The Gossips." Moss, F., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"A Toast."

Nieuker, Mrs. M., of Boston, pupil of Müller—"Negress."

Parker, S. N., of New York, pupil of Duran—"St. Sébastien," and "A Portrait." Pattison, J. W., of Boston—"Two Children." Pearce, C. S., of Boston, pupil of Bonnât—"The Sacrifice of Abraham." Perkins, F. A., of New York, pupil of Couture—"An Italian." Picknell, W. L., of Boston, pupil of Gérôme—"The Valley of Rustini."

Ramsey, M., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"Presentation of a Lettre de Cachet."

Sargent, J. S., of Philadelphia, pupil of Duran—"A Portrait," and "An Olive Grove in Capri." Searle, Mrs. Helen, of Vermont, pupil of J. W. Preyer—"Fruits." Shonborn, L. J., pupil of Bonnât—"A Portrait." Stewart, J. L., of Philadelphia, pupil of Zamacois, Gérôme, and Madrazo—"A Portrait." Stone, Miss M. L., of New York—"L'Angélus." Swift, C., pupil of Harpignies—"A Waif."

Torrey, E., of Chicago, pupil of Gérôme—"The Banns."

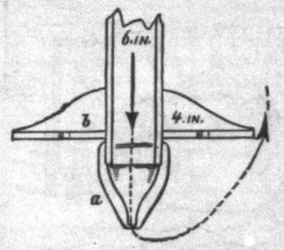
Ward, E. M., of Urbana, pupil of Cabanel—"The Cooper." Ward, D. L., of New York, pupil of Capdevielle—"An Italian Cobbler." Williams, F. D., of Boston—"A Street in Montigny." Woodward, W. W., of Indiana, pupil of R. Fleury—"A Court, Old Paris."

THE LONG BRANCH IRON PIER.

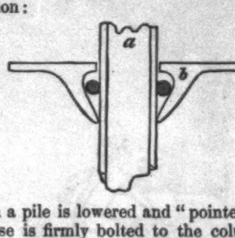
Long Branch claims a distinctive feature over any of our sea-side resorts that have grown so rapidly in public favor, in the fact that it presents a continuous bluff twenty to forty feet in height, extending about five miles, and without a parallel on the Atlantic coast. This bluff rises abruptly from the beach, and the plateau above, in the vicinity of the hotels and cottages, forms a promenade skirting the Ocean Avenue drive, affording from this elevation a most commanding view far out over the expanse of ocean, where the visitor may often count over a hundred sail within easy range.

The preservation and improvement of this bluff, though conceded to be a matter of the highest importance, have been through all these years of exceptional popularity sadly neglected. In a book published by the writer a dozen years ago, he earnestly called attention to the fact that this Monmouth County shore must, without protection, continue to recede, as it had done, at the rate of three or four feet per annum; a noteworthy compensation being found in a corresponding making out of the western coast of California. It is well known that the pioneer "boarding-house" stood some two hundred yards beyond the present shore line, at a point between the present Brighton and Clarendon hotels. Only recently, when men have come in from outside, bringing in large ideas and capital, and rival resorts have stimulated enterprise, has the place seemed to awaken to a sense of the necessity of being up and doing. Mr. R. J. Dobbins, of Philadelphia, built a fine bulkhead, and ran out jetties to secure it, on the Howland House frontage. The adjacent proprietors of the West End have expended some $2000 since last season in increasing their jetties and repairing the front. And nearly the entire frontage will be protected in some form the present season along the most prominent portion of Ocean Avenue. When work was begun upon the new pier, which is illustrated in the present issue, a face wall was laid up at the starting-point, not of the ordinary piling and timbers, but of solid cement, beginning deep down in the clay. As this structure is the pioneer of its kind in this country, and in some of its details embraces unique features of recent American invention, a description of the method of construction as actually witnessed will be new to the public.

From the face of this wall, and extending along the entire Ocean Hotel frontage of 700 feet, are rows of spiling supporting a broad deck, forming a promenade supplied with restaurants, etc. Beneath this are four straight lines of bath-houses flanking the head of the pier, and on the extreme ends spaces are reserved for the kitchens of the restaurants above. Ranging in front of this deck, it is proposed to place a line of "parlor bath-houses" (a recent invention), with ornamental pagoda roofs, and the interior provided with a shower, a wardrobe, and a dry carpeted floor and cushioned seat, all combined in one compartment, giving a luxurious ease in dressing hitherto unattainable on a wet, sandy floor. The pier proper is supported upon wrought-iron tubes screwed together in sections of the required length, and increasing in diameter from six to eight, ten, and twelve inches. These are all provided with a cast-iron foot of conical form, the point pierced and forming a nozzle. After the piles had been set a little distance from the shore, a cast-iron disk some two and a half feet in diameter was also affixed to the spile close to the foot. The only remaining fittings in setting the spiles were the caps to receive the trusses and the "Carley" disk, here represented:

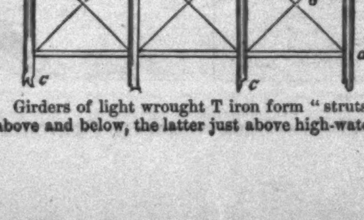


This is, in size and form, about the same as that of the one affixed to the foot, but it is slipped loosely on the spile *a*; and within the hub, as represented in the sectional view *b*, is hollowed a receptacle around the spile, widening above, and supplied with loose iron bales about one and a half inches in diameter. These being introduced through an aperture in the casting run around the spile, and dropping into the narrow portion below, wedge themselves against the spile, so that as the disk settles to a bearing on the shifting surface of the sand, it forms a maintaining power for the spile, and also forms a lateral anchorage. This ingenious contrivance is the recent invention of Mr. Harvey Carley, a young carpenter employed on the works and living in the village. The following sectional view of the foot *a* and disk *b* illustrates the process of settling the piles in position:



When a pile is lowered and "pointed," a powerful hose is firmly bolted to the column head, and a hydraulic pump speedily fills the interior, and forces the water through the nozzle at the foot *a*, cutting away the sand and clay beneath, until by its own weight it finds its proper depth. There are here found strata of iron, of the consistency of sand, mingled with the clay beneath. As the pile settles some five or six feet into this, a well hole must be formed by the stream of water of the diameter of the disk, which is directly filled, more by the sand from above than the clay at the sides. This banking of sand about the pile is deemed more desirable than the mushy consistency of the clay.

Three lines of piling are thus run out the length of the structure. These support corresponding lines of heavy wrought trusses somewhat like those on our elevated roads, and on these are secured transversely the heavy timbers that receive the planking. At intervals, as shown in the full-page illustration, the pier is widened from nearly thirty to fifty feet by the addition of two lines of piling. Although this was deemed abundantly strong by the original constructor, a series of lateral bracing is being added at the wider sections, as here shown, looking lengthwise with the pier.



Girders of light wrought T iron form "struts" above and below, the latter just above high-water mark (*a a*). From the points where these intersect with the piles, iron rods of sufficient strength extend transversely (*b*). These braces will resist the concussion of the boats landing alongside the pier, as they will do, with their bows seaward.

The intervals between the piling (running lengthwise) are twenty feet. The entire length has been increased from 660 to 860 feet, to a bulk-head originally designed for a breakwater, but which will be erected at the close of the season as a bulk-head, thirty feet broad, and extending 225 feet as the head of a T. Upon this an elegant building will be erected ultimately, but at present there will be no permanent structures upon the pier proper but the gate-houses now being erected, of an exceedingly ornamental design, and provided with turnstiles.

As a final precaution, the entire pier will be girdled by 240 heavy oaken fender piles, sixty feet long, brought from Maine. These will be driven flush with the pier deck, four feet apart, and the same distance from the pier at the widest part, and so extending in a direct line from section to section. Dolphin buoys will be anchored off on either side, to which vessels may swing in coming to.

As seen in the illustration, there will be double brackets from each post of the ornamental railing. These rise to a height of twenty feet, forming flag-staffs, which, with their bunting and the gas jets of the brackets, give a highly picturesque effect. Upon the extremity of the pier a regulation light will warn vessels to keep off, and constitute a signal. Local steam-yachts will be furnished by the hour from stairways leading shoreward from the nearest fifty-foot section, and from outer sections boats from the life-saving stations can put off without encountering the combing surf. When the season is over, these crews will be allowed the privilege of the pier, and may be quartered in the buildings attached to it, these having been generously tendered for the purpose by President Fitch.

The inauguration of this enterprise dates from last summer, and is due mainly to the determined energy of the Messrs. Leland, of Ocean Hotel, where it is located. The Coney Island Pier Company followed during the winter. The same engineers are employed upon both, Messrs. Maclay & Davies, of New York. The plan of construction is substantially the same, though at Coney Island it became necessary to run farther out to reach deep water, necessitating a longer walk to excursionists. The Carley disk is not used upon the piles; but the same lower disk and foot are used, but are cast in one piece.

In our illustration the spectator is supposed to be looking southwest, from a point a little to the north of the end of the pier looking toward the Ocean Hotel. Further on the view embraces the Mansion House adjoining, then, respectively, the United States, Iauchs', the Central (formerly the Pavilion), Howland's, and the West End, with cottages interspersed. In the height of the season, with bathing groups on the beach and promenades, and dashing turnouts on the bluff and Ocean Avenue, the scene is brilliant in the extreme.

From the Battery, New York, to the pier, the distance, "as the crow flies," is twenty-eight miles. It is thought this can be run in about one hour and a half. This will constitute a delightful sail at a cost of less than a cent a mile!

The designer and contractor is Mr. Job Johnson, of Brooklyn, of fish-hook fame. He is also a large stockholder. There is no doubt the revenue from the toll of one dime will net a satisfactory dividend to the New York capitalists who have backed it by their enterprise.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. John Baptist.
Sunday, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

The Roman Catholic bishops, assembled from all parts of the United States to take part in the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral in this city, have taken into consideration the debts of Archbishop Purcell, and have issued to the clergy and laity an appeal for help. They present from the assignee an official report of the assets and liabilities of the archbishop's estate, which is as follows:

Liabilities		$3,697,651
Assets:		
Real estate	$543,987	
Good notes	176,795	
Doubtful notes	241,741	
Worthless notes	163,057	
Cemetery	5,748	
Stocks, bonds, etc.	45,874	
Ground rent due	662	
Cash	3,026	
Furniture	676	$1,181,566

The net assets collectable are set down at $776,768. There will remain to be provided for $2,920,883 of debt. Creditors of two congregations of Cincinnati have agreed to settle at fifty per cent. The bishops recommend a settlement of the whole debt on that basis. They therefore ask the churches to contribute, in subscriptions payable in five years, $1,500,000. They agree that subscription lists shall be opened in every parish, reports to be made to the diocesan by November of this year. Cardinal M'Closkey, Archbishop Williams, of Boston, and the Rev. William Quinn, Vicar-General of New York, will take charge of the money.

All this is well as far as it goes. Still the fact will remain that the poor who in simple faith intrusted their savings to their archbishop will receive only half of what is due them. Such a fact must always be an ugly one for any Church, Protestant or Catholic. Now the Roman Catholic Church in this country *can* build costly cathedrals; can lavish on them untold thousands for ornamentation; can dedicate them with an elaborate ceremonial, in which appear prelates clad in vestments of lace and cloth of gold, jewelled crosses, and vessels of silver, and yet, by the confession of its chief pastors, can not pay the debts of Archbishop Purcell in full. The sequel most likely will show that the bishops in council have made a mistake, and failed to meet the reasonable requirements of public opinion. Their Church can not afford to wrong the poor.

The series of meetings at Chautauqua Lake, New York, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. T. H. Vincent, will open, July 17, with a "School of Languages" and a "Teachers' Retreat." The "Foreign Missionary Institute" will begin Saturday, August 2, and close Tuesday afternoon, August 5. The Sixth Annual Sunday-school Assembly will hold its first meeting Tuesday evening, August 5, and will continue in session until August 21. There will be the usual classes and class drill, accompanied with literary and scientific exercises. Among the distinguished strangers expected to be present at the Missionary Institute is the Rev. W. O. Simpson, of the Wesleyan body in England.

On the Pacific coast, the Yosemite Sunday-school Assembly, which began June 7, will be followed by the Monterey Assembly, opening June 24 and closing July 4.

The Baptist Home Missionary Society held its anniversary at Saratoga May 29. The receipts for 1878 were reported to be $217,093; the expenditures, $207,350. The expenditures reported include the loans of the Church Edifice Fund. The Society maintains eight schools in the South for freedmen. The receipts show an increase of $41,884 over the preceding year. The Board were instructed to perfect a plan for the organization of a Woman's National Home Mission Society. Strong resolutions in favor of the enforcement of the laws of the United States in relation to polygamy were adopted.

The Baptist National Publication Society reported that the debt of its missionary department, which was one year ago $25,000, had been fully covered by special subscriptions; of the sums subscribed $19,420 have been paid. The total receipts of the business and missionary departments during the past year were $335,413—an increase of $30,803 over the year preceding. Of this total $278,373 was received in the business department alone. The copies of new publications printed were 57,500 in number; of publications not new, 101,925 copies were printed in 1878. The total issues of the Society since its organization have been 107,560,991. Four thousand schools and five hundred churches have been formed by its missionaries.

The London Sunday-school Union has under its care 4361 schools, 106,039 teachers, and 964,724 scholars. Its receipts during the past year have been only £970, and its expenditures £1377. This Union is now of importance to the whole Sunday-school world from its proposal of a Universal Convention to be held in 1880, the centenary of the establishment of the Sunday-school system by Robert Raikes. The erection of a statue to Robert Raikes will be a part of the celebration of the centenary year.

The death is announced at Jerusalem of the venerable Bishop Gobat, at the advanced age of eighty years. He had held his unique episcopate for over thirty years, all of which were usefully spent. His piety and catholicity have endeared him to all evangelical Protestants. The Prusso-Anglican bishopric of St. James was founded by the joint efforts of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, the brother of the present Emperor, and English Churchmen. The King gave half of the endowment, £15,000; the other half was raised in England. This episcopate has not been a favorite one with the High-Church party. During his long life at Jerusalem Bishop Gobat became very well known to American and English travellers.

The Congregationalists have the practice of repeating in Boston their denominational anniversaries held first in New York. They add to the list in Boston one or two which are not represented in the greater city. Of the latter class the College and Education Society reported receipts for the year reaching $63,805, which, with the balance on hand, will make a total of $64,508. The expenditures were $64,482. The grants to colleges amounted to $37,994; to students, $20,885. The number of young men helped was 407. The Congregational Publication Society has sold books for cash during the year to the amount of $58,000. A call is made for $100,000 to aid in spreading cheap books and tracts among the people. This Society, though forty-seven years old, has not developed a great trade.

The Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) opened its fifty-ninth Convention in New York on Friday, May 30. The Rev. Chauncey Giles, the president, made the opening address. A slight increase in the number of communicants was reported. It was stated that three students had graduated from the theological school.

American preaching certainly tends to become more Biblical. The people are less drilled than in former years in the abstraction of doctrinal systems. The Rev. George Dana Boardman, in recently reviewing his fifteen years of work in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, states to his people that he has delivered 135 lectures on the life of Christ, 139 on the Epistles, and 58 on the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Boardman lectured on the six days' work of creation in Association Hall, Philadelphia, a little more than a year ago, so successfully as to attract a large audience on the mornings of secular days.

The Round Lake Sunday-school Assembly begins this year July 8, and closes July 18. It will be conducted by the Rev. J. S. Ostrander, of New York. Among the lecturers are the Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the New York *Independent*, on "Babylonish History of the Deluge;" the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, on the "Chinese Question;" the Rev. Dr. D. M. Reeves, on the "Relations of Science and Religion;" the Rev. Dr. J. M. King, and others. The students will be formed into three classes—Preparatory, Junior, and Senior—and drilled by teachers each day. Among the attractions, as the bills would say, are the Palestine Park, a Kindergarten for the children, and musical entertainments. The Woman's National Christian Temperance Camp-Meeting will also be held on the Round Lake grounds—from August 26 to September 2.

The scheme of Catholic colonization in the West has taken the form of a company, organized in Chicago, with a capital of $100,000. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, states that of the Catholics taken from the cities of our Atlantic slope to that State only about two per cent. are discontented with the change. Nothing could be better than the drafting of the overflowing tenement population of this city to the West. The exchange of pure air for foul air, and of dire poverty for abundant food, is advantageous, even though accompanied by the privations of frontier life.

The Church Missionary Society of the Established Church of England held its anniversary in Exeter Hall May 7. The total receipts for the year 1878 were £187,235, and the expenditures, £204,186. A single gift of £35,000, for the development of evangelistic native agency in India, was mentioned in the report. Five students under the care of the Society, all pure Africans, have received licenses of theology from the University of Durham, and three others the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The mission on Lake Nyanza, in Africa, has been re-enforced, notwithstanding the loss of two missionaries by murder.

The *Vermont Chronicle* compiles tables of the divorces granted in that and other New England States. The statistics are a fearful comment on the lax legislation of recent years. In the last few years the ratio of divorces to marriages has been, for Vermont, 1 to 16; Massachusetts, 1 to 23.7; Rhode Island, 1 to 13; Connecticut, 1 to 10.4. In the last-named State the increase of the number of divorces has been since 1849 very great. In 1849 the divorces granted were 91; the law of that year increased the number one-third in 1850. In 1864, 426 divorces were granted; since that year the average number has been 448 yearly. In Rhode Island there have been 1670 divorces for 21,715 marriages. The *Chronicle* says that "in Connecticut there must be one divorce to every eight Protestant marriages.... Divorce in Connecticut is more uniform, if not more certain, than death." This is a severe judgment—too severe, indeed—and could only be made with propriety by a New England authority.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

May departed in a fervid heat, angered, apparently, at the universal complaints concerning the cold spring, and June burst upon us with scorching heat. Had she not by good fortune come on a Sunday, when people are supposed to make little exertion, and to keep comfortable, if possible, there would doubtless have been a sad record of sun-strokes. As it was, when the thermometer rose to 98° in the shade, nobody promenaded in the blazing sun-rays, but all endeavored to take this sudden tropical blast with quiet resignation. It is prognosticated that we shall have a very hot summer, and those who have been grumbling because it was cold will vary their complaint to mutterings at the heat. Are people ever long content with the weather? Whether we are so or not, the summer is fairly upon us, and fretting and fussing should be abandoned as a matter of policy, if no higher motive can prevail. Moderation in all things is the only wise, safe rule for the coming three months. We can work, but as far as possible it should be in the coolest hours of the day; our clothing should be light, and so, also, our food; exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and alcoholic stimulants, should be avoided, as well as all violent exercise. In short, we need to study sensible, hygienic modes of living when the mercury ranges between 80° and 100°.

By the confession of one of the criminals, the mystery of the great robbery of the Manhattan Savings-Bank last October has been disclosed. For months the police and special detectives have been engaged in tracing the robbers, and the long search has been rewarded. It appears that for years a band of burglars had been plotting with the watchman of the bank to rob the vault. Several plans were defeated. More than one actual but unsuccessful attempt was made before the plunder was accomplished. Several men charged with complicity in the crime are now in custody, and others remain to be captured.

The other day a couple of burglars who had been imprisoned (?) in Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn, coolly walked out of their quarters and disappeared. Nobody seemed to object to their movements or opposed their going until they were quite secure from pursuit. It appears that they had been allowed to go to the kitchen for their coffee in the morning, and on this occasion, seeing there was nothing to hinder them from walking into the street, they naturally departed. The wall of the surrounding yard had been torn down for convenience of workmen engaged upon building operations in the vicinity.

Fulton Market having been condemned by the Health and the Building departments, there is a prospect of a new market taking its place. The plan suggested is for the market-men and stand-holders to lease the site from the city, and erect the new building themselves.

The Wyse Panama route for the Isthmus Canal was adopted by the International Canal Congress after a lengthy discussion, which grew to be a stormy one before its close. The projected route follows closely the line of the Panama Railroad from the Bay of Limon to Panama Bay. American engineers generally favored the Nicaragua route, which has been most thoroughly surveyed, and which they believe to be the most practicable. The Panama route is, however, much shorter, being about forty-five miles in length, although it presents many engineering difficulties, and will be far more expensive than the Nicaragua route, unless the modified plan, with locks, be carried out. From twelve to twenty-five locks will be required.

The New Orleans *Times* describes the fine gold-weighing scales which were made in Philadelphia for the New Orleans Mint, and have lately been placed in position. They are marvels of mechanical ingenuity and accurate workmanship. The larger of the two has a capacity of ten thousand ounces Troy, or about six hundred and eighty-six pounds avoirdupois, and when loaded to its full weight will indicate a variation of one-thousandth part of an ounce, or the millionth part of its weighing capacity. The other pair of scales is intended for weighing gold only. It has bearings composed of the finest agates, which have been ground with wonderful precision. So delicate is this machine that it will give the precise weight of a human hair, and is susceptible to the slightest atmospheric changes. Millions of dollars' worth of precious metals will be weighed annually upon these scales.

The annual spring parade of the New York Coaching Club occurred on a delightful May afternoon, and attracted an immense crowd of spectators throughout the entire route. Eleven coaches were in line, carrying in all about sixty ladies and gentlemen, gayly attired in elegant costumes. The route of the parade was from the Brunswick Hotel to Mount St. Vincent, in the Central Park, and following the parade was a banquet at the Brunswick.

A missionary who recently made a trip into the interior of Africa found, only seventy miles from Sierra Leone, a cool, healthy climate, and a people of rude civilization, who understood how to smelt iron and manufacture weapons and implements. These people were quite willing to receive Christian teachers.

One Mr. Bass (very appropriate name, that, for a fisherman), of Irwin County, Georgia, recently caught a catfish, a squirrel, and an alligator all upon the same hook at the same time. The fish probably caught the squirrel while swimming across the lake, and afterward caught and swallowed an alligator about a foot in length, and then found and swallowed the bait upon a set hook. The Hawkinsville (Georgia) *Dispatch*, which records this fish story, remarks that "when a catfish starts out on a foraging expedition, he will take in any thing from a wheelbarrow to a saddle blanket."

At the recent Moore celebration at the Academy of Music, a large and beautiful cat made its appearance, and attracted much attention from the audience, when it seated itself in the centre of the balcony aisle, and seemed to watch with great interest the ceremonies which were in progress on the stage.

Last summer a lady who carried a valuable gold watch was in a house in Madrid, Maine, when it was struck by lightning. The watch stopped at the time, and although jewellers have repeatedly examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it can not be made to move. It is so magnetized that watchmakers say no part of it could ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works.

The free public baths already in use are located at the foot of Gouverneur, Fifth, Thirty-seventh, and One-Hundred-and-Fourteenth Streets, East River, and at Bethune and Thirty-fifth Streets, North River. An additional bathing-house is now being built, and will be located at the Battery when completed. It will probably be in position early in July. Each bath is in charge of two male and two female keepers, the former assuming control on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M., when men and boys only are admitted. The female keepers have supervision of the baths on the three days for women and girls—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 5 A.M. to 6 P.M.

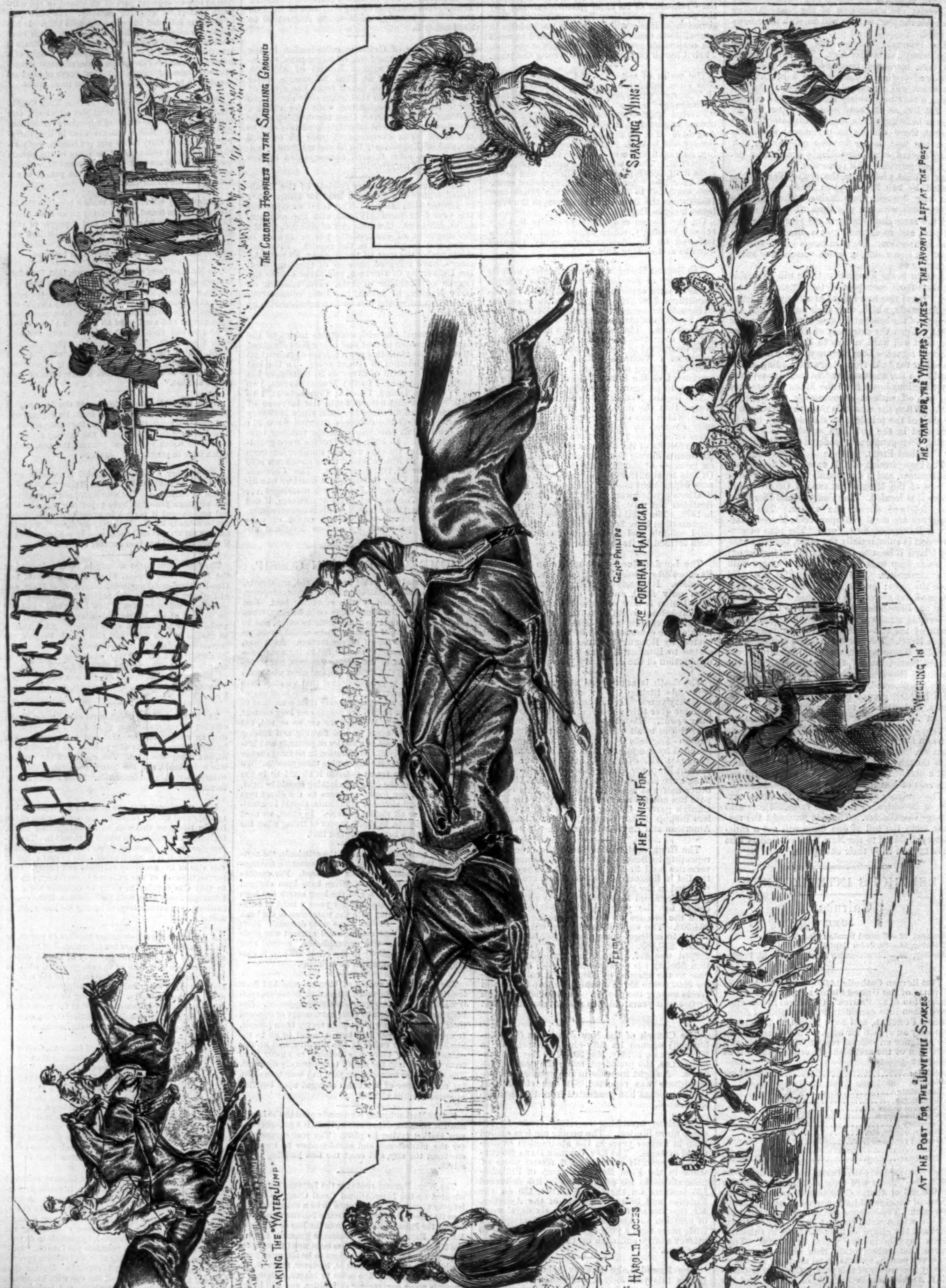
The furious cyclone which burst over Kansas on the evening of Decoration-day is said to have extended over an area of one hundred and fifty miles by one hundred miles. About fifty persons are reported killed, and many wounded. The course of the cyclone was remarkable, and the details concerning the ruin wrought seem almost incredible. Later accounts may be modified.

It is announced that the Russian government has appropriated 250,000 rubles for the construction of the largest telescope that can be advantageously made, including the building in which to mount it. The object-glass is to be between thirty and thirty-six inches in diameter, if it is found practicable to cast a disk of this size of the necessary evenness and purity. Otto Struve, director of the Pulkova Observatory, expects to visit this country in order to examine the great telescopes made here, with the intention, if the examination prove satisfactory, of having the lens made in America.

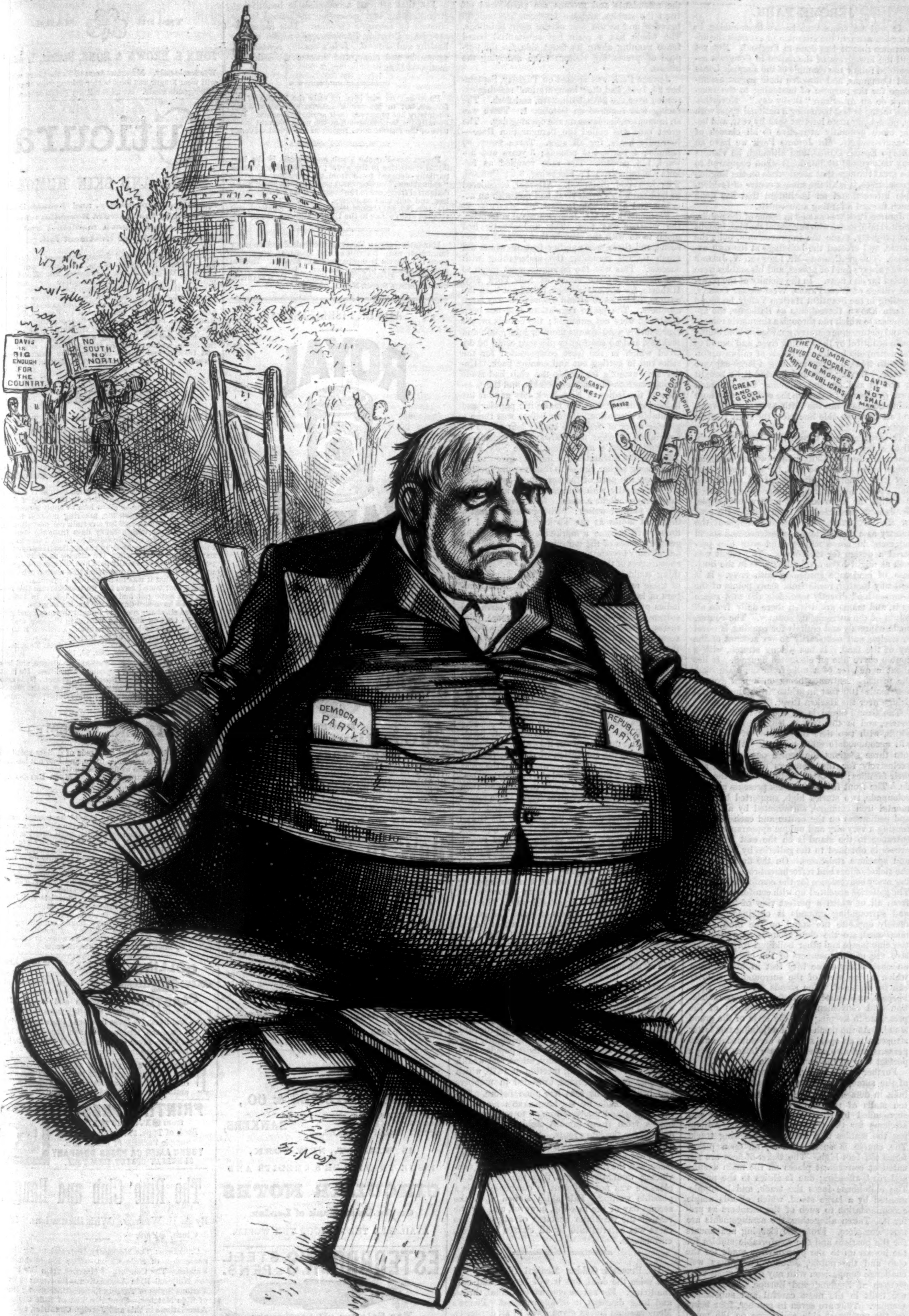
A Baltimore church—whether trustees or pastor, or all in combination, we are not informed—has invented a new way to compel the payment of church debts. When certain members of the congregation went, as usual, the other Sunday to the service of the sanctuary, they were surprised to find their pews nailed so as to prevent entrance. On asking an explanation, the pastor kindly informed them that the pews would remain in that inconvenient condition until the money due was paid. The device was successful.

A warning concerning the use of balloons, toys, etc., especially those peddled on the street, is thus given by the *Journal des Connaissances Médicales*: "Many of the most virulent diseases of the blood have lately been found to be communicated by this means, as each of these toys must pass through the mouths of three or four workmen before it is finished, and each is usually tried by the vender while he is making the sale. Skin diseases which have lately spread among the children in Paris and London were propagated by these toys. Mothers should be on their guard to see that they are thoroughly cleansed before use."

A striking instance of brute intelligence occurred not long ago near Nairue Township, in South Australia, and is related in an Australian paper. A very large bullock injured his eye with the hook of a chain, and it soon became so inflamed that it was thought best to cast him for the purpose of dressing the wound. It was found, however, impossible to do this, and as a last resource his head was put into the "bail"—a contrivance for securing animals between two upright boards, one of which is movable. Having thus secured him, the men dressed the eye with bluestone. Then they unfastened the bullock, and immediately rushed from the stock yard, thinking he would be infuriated with pain, and expecting to be attacked. Instead of this, the poor sufferer walked off to the shade of a large tree, and on the following morning, much to the astonishment of its owner and all who witnessed it, the bullock walked up to the stock yard of its own accord, and placed his head in the bail, to have the eye dressed; and this he repeated every day until the eye was quite restored.


OPENING-DAY AT JEROME PARK
THE COLORED PROPHETS IN THE SADDLING GROUND
"SPARLING" WINS!
GEN'L PHILIPS
FERIDA
THE FINISH FOR "THE FORDHAM HANDICAP"
THE START FOR THE "WITHERS STAKES"—THE FAVORITE LEFT AT THE POST
"WEIGHING IN"
AT THE POST FOR THE "JUVENILE STAKES"
"HAROLD" LOSES
"TAKING THE "WATER JUMP"

AT JEROME PARK.—DRAWN BY HENRY STULL.—[SEE PAGE 494.]


DAVIS IS BIG ENOUGH FOR THE COUNTRY
NO SOUTH. NO NORTH
DAVIS
NO EAST NO WEST
DAVIS
NO LABOR.
NO CAPITAL
A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.
THE DAVIS PARTY
NO MORE DEMOCRATS. NO MORE REPUBLICANS
DAVIS IS NOT A SMALL MAN
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
REPUBLICAN PARTY
Th. Nast.

THE DAVID DAVIS BOOM.

THE "INDEPENDENT" SENATOR, BY SITTING ON THE PARTY-LINE FENCE SO LONG, HAS COMPLETELY OBLITERATED IT.

JEROME PARK.

It will be some time before horse-racing in America attracts the attention or assumes the importance that it has done in England. Not yet will the law-givers of the nation in Congress assembled follow the example of the English Lords and Commons, and dissolve their august assemblage for the purpose of hastening to the race-track on an American "Derby day." Nevertheless, racing is fast becoming a national sport with us, possessing more interest year by year, and being more generally attractive to all classes of pleasure-seekers. In Jerome Park we have an embryo Epsom Downs, and although its visitors may be counted by hundreds when compared to the great throngs that accumulate on the English race-courses, it is all the same a centre of fashionable interest, and an institution that has done much toward affording amusement.

Jerome Park was named in honor of the public-spirited millionaire who suggested the idea, bought the property, made the improvements, built the course, and erected the buildings at his own expense. This gentleman—Mr. Leonard W. Jerome—was always fond of horses, and his stables were quoted far and near. In the vicinity of the pleasant village of West Farms, Westchester County, nestling in the beautiful Harlem Valley, he found a farm known thereabouts as Bathgate, the approaches to which run through a singularly romantic and picturesque country, guarded by bold bluffs, made beautiful by the winding river, and bound to the metropolis by the iron bands of railways, dotted with trees, and commanding a large expanse of view. Having seen and fancied it he bought it, and in addition the adjoining two thousand acres that sweep further up the country, on whose hither boundary lies the Fifth Avenue Boulevard, and along whose side line races the swift Harlem engine.

The property once secured, Mr. Jerome broached to a few friends the idea of establishing an American Jockey Club, under whose direction annual races should be held, for the proper conduct and honorable supervision of which the club should be held responsible. Very quietly, and with the knowledge of a very few people, Mr. Jerome proceeded with the work. He sent for Mr. Wheatley, well known throughout the country as a man of large experience and sound judgment in horse matters, and with him prepared a design for the course. The result was such as might have inspired experts in the business of landscape gardening with envy. It is centrally located, roads from many points of the compass tend directly toward it, the cars steam by it, and teams are driven there daily from all points of the surrounding country. The course, made expressly and entirely for running, is novel in design, and necessarily so on account of the lay of the land. It has a long stretch, with a double curve like an elongated figure 8. It lies about a quarter of a mile from the main road, the principal entrance being on a new avenue, now made 100 feet in width from the Central Bridge over the Harlem River.

The Grand Stand is on the east side of the course, and is 450 feet in length by 45 feet in width, with two tiers or galleries of seats, and will accommodate 8000 persons. It is divided into three sections, the centre one of which is exclusively for the members of the club and their families; the other sections are for the public. The front facing the track presents an open colonnade, two stories high, supported by ornamental iron columns, surmounted by a cornice and pediments on the centre and each end, presenting a very airy and unique appearance. The entrance to the stand is on the east front, and access is obtained to the galleries by wide, easy, and spacious staircases. On the first floor are the ticket-offices and refreshment-rooms, containing every convenience for the comfort of visitors. The galleries are fitted up with comfortable seats, from all of which a perfect view of the course and surrounding grounds is obtained. Immediately opposite the stand, on the bluff above mentioned, are the club grounds, on which are the club-house and other buildings for the exclusive use of the members of the club, including an observatory some fifty feet in height, from which a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The stands for judges, time-keepers, and starters, and for the accommodation and convenience of the members of the press, are in keeping with the style of the grand stand. At the north of and adjoining this latter structure is an open stand to accommodate 2500 persons, and also several private boxes, having a perfect view of the home-stretch.

Further up the valley, to the north and in view of the stand, are located the stables which are built in detached groups, each stable containing ten stalls of twelve by sixteen feet each, and surrounded by sheds ten feet in width; and kitchens for the trainers and others. Adjoining the stables is a half-mile exercising track. The course is surrounded by an open picket fence ten feet high. The ticket-of-fices are situated at convenient places on the main avenue and road, affording due facilities to the public. The club-house faces the track, and is supplemented by a large stand, which affords ample accommodation to such of the members as prefer it. Taken altogether, the arrangements are most complete. From the sleeping apartments for the hostlers and the comfortable stables for the horses up to the preparations made for the club and the public, Jerome Park may well challenge comparison with any of the great race-courses of England and Europe. The stables are built in the most careful and substantial manner. They are seven in number, four being on the northwest side and three on the north side of the track. They have been constructed with due attention to equine comfort and convenience, and nothing in the way of improvement has been spared. The sleeping apartments for the attendants and grooms are partitioned off from the stables, and the kitchens are built in between and at the rear of the main buildings. The whole has a plain but substantial board fence running along its front side, for the purpose of preventing visitors from annoying the horses.

Jerome Park was opened on Tuesday, September 25, 1866, and the "inauguration" meeting extended over the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 29th. The racing was renewed on October 1. There was an immense attendance on the opening day. The great race was called the Inauguration Race—four-mile heats, for all ages. Three years, 90 pounds; 4 years, 104 pounds; 5 years and upward, 114 pounds. The race resulted as follows: Kentucky, 1 1; Fleetwing, 3 2; Onward, 2 3; Idlewood, distanced. Asteroid, considered to be Kentucky's great rival, had met with an accident, and was unable to start.

Fortunately for Mr. Jerome's novel enterprise, the weather was fine. This undoubtedly had much to do with the crowds that pressed to the scene, and there was another feature which did much toward stamping the undertaking with success. This was the encouragement given to the meeting by the ladies of New York city. Hitherto, for obvious reasons, it had not been the custom for ladies to attend the races in any large numbers. The police regulations had not been good, and were not enforced; the crowds on the race-courses were always more or less rough and reckless, and no comfort or pleasure could be derived which in the least compensated for the risks run in getting out and coming back. Under Mr. Jerome's leadership the club had made racing comfortable and respectable, and the presence of the ladies of New York city gave it the indorsement necessary to make it a popular and reputable recreation. Never before was there a greater array of feminine beauty lent to the inauguration of what must always be considered a peculiarly male amusement. The New York *Times* justly attributes the impulse given to racing among higher circles to this very unexpected action on the part of the sex, whose sympathies are not usually with amusements in which they can have so slight a share. The correspondent of that journal writes: "There were at least a thousand ladies at the Park yesterday, and in time it will become a marked event among the gentler classes of the metropolis, as we believe it has already become among the turfmen and their encouragers of the masculine persuasion. No one thing could tend so rapidly to the popularizing of these races as the attendance in great numbers of ladies—ladies of fashion, ladies domestic, ladies professionally literary, ladies of birth and culture, ladies of dress, and ladies of more quiet tastes. Dress is good in its place, and this would seem to be an occasion where dress is a good thing. The right tack has been struck; the ladies have given the club and the course their indorsement, and no doubt each day's racing will be marked by the same good order and quiet of that of yesterday."

One feature that marked inauguration-day at Jerome Park was the presence of General Grant, then commander-in-chief of our army, who came on from Washington expressly to attend the meeting; another the presence of the great tragédienne Ristori. At the conclusion of the first race, an insignificant event to prepare the way for the great "Inauguration Stakes," word was passed that General Grant was coming down the hill, and then that he was inside the course fence. The report proved to be correct, and as the modest commander-in-chief came to the steps of the Grand Stand, the band struck up, "See! the conquering hero comes," while the people crowded round, clapping their hands, and giving utterance to all the usual exclamations of delight. Making his way with some difficulty and much firmness through the crowd that seemed bent on impeding his progress, the chief of the army uncovered his head, and went up the grand stairway. There he was confronted by numbers of ladies and gentlemen delighted to see him, and to whom he extended a calm recognition. Unfortunately for himself, however, he was not to be let off so easily, and in less than two minutes he was plunged into all the miseries of a regular reception. This he worried through, however, with great equanimity, and appearing on the front of the stand, showed himself to the great concourse of people who had been waiting patiently for him. Cheers rent the air, which he acknowledged courteously, and then the business of the meeting went forward.

The races at Jerome Park thus brilliantly inaugurated have since become a most popular institution, attended by the beauty, talent, and wealth of our city. The spring meeting of 1879, which has just been concluded, exceeded in numbers and brilliancy any that has gone before. The reputation made by Mr. Lorillard's horse Parole in England interested many to see the other horses from these famous stables which were entered for the late events. On the first day the attendance was not large, a rain of some thirty-six hours' duration having done much to injure the track, and the threatening of another deluge convincing would-be visitors that the prospect of pleasure was not sufficient to compensate for a possible wetting. Fair skies smiled upon the second day of the meeting, however, and for the rest of the week the business of attending the races was entered into by all classes with great enthusiasm.

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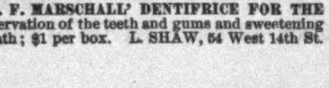
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J. A. Tucker.

13 Doane St., Boston, *Dec.* 20, 1878.

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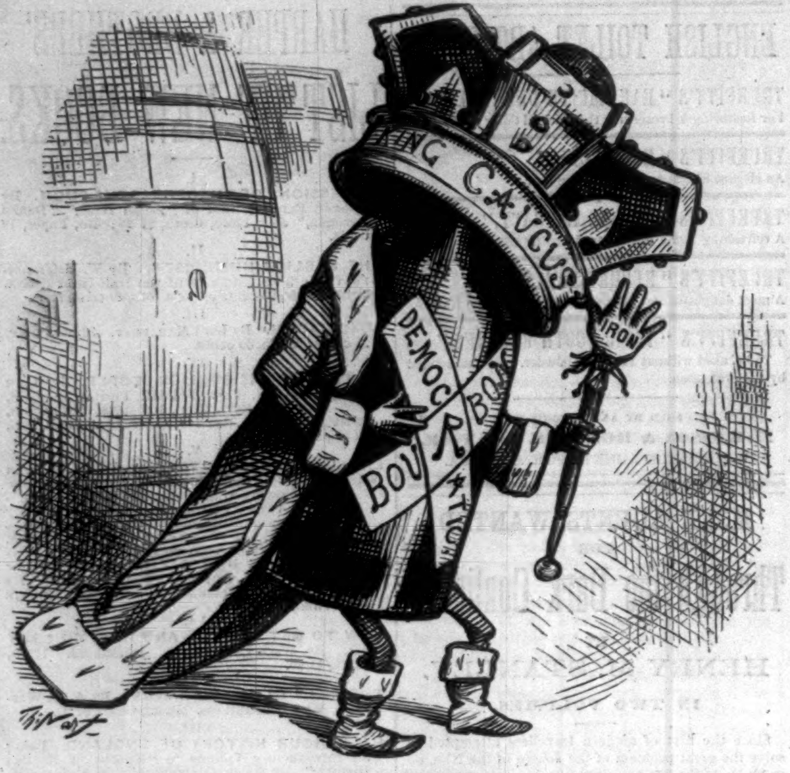

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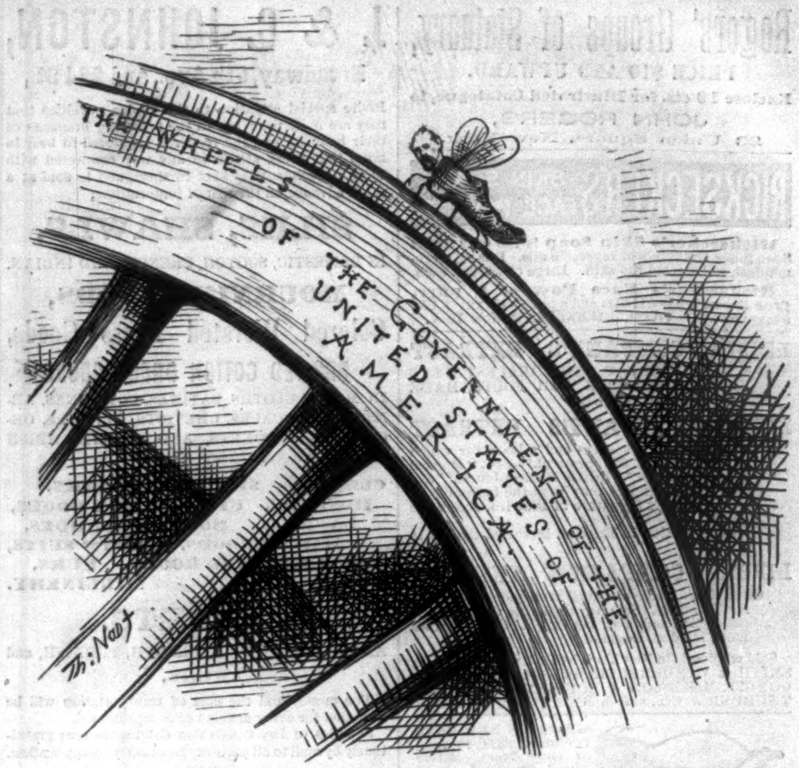
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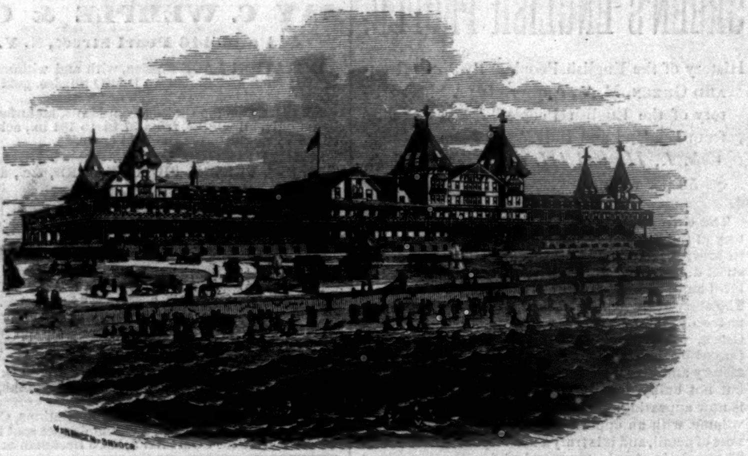

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THE LITTLE ANGLER.

So softly lay I dreaming 'neath the willows,
  When, sharply limned athwart the evening sky,
Perched high above the streamlet's tiny billows,
  A dainty urchin form I chanced to spy.

His silken sash showed loving hands had bound it,
  His curls were such as soft lips nestle in;
That awkward pole, where had the youngster found it?
  Himself, of course, devised that crooked pin.

I saw him gaze with such an air of longing
  At speckled shapes beneath the glancing wave.
Not e'en the tiniest minnows round him thronging
  Would taste the awkward meal the youngster gave.

But soon I saw him as an allegory:
  I fancied that I held that rod and line;
There lay the riddle of my weary story,
  And all the happiness that was not mine.

I was the awkward fisher, vainly trying
  To lure my prey with neither hook nor skill;
And every prize, my stupid might defying,
  Was leaving me forlorn and helpless still.

Ah, me! what boots the spirit's proud endeavor?
  The gifts from Fate we fondly hoped to win,
We find, alas! when they are lost forever,
  We tried to lure them with a crooked pin.

DISCIPLINE AND DISSIPATION.

In our double-page picture the artist seeks to illustrate the bracing and beneficial effects of military discipline. He enforces his moral by showing us two men opposite to each other in a railway carriage, and he contrasts the sottish, slovenly civilian with the smart, well set up soldier.

"My study of 'Discipline and Dissipation,'" he writes, "was suggested to me by seeing the incident in a railway carriage. The one figure, 'Dissipation,' being one of those idle tramps who lives by begging from one place to another, idling, drinking, and sleeping away an existence. The other figure, 'Discipline,' a being who might possibly have shared the same life, but, by having regular duties and training, keeps himself straight, and becomes a useful as well as ornamental member of the community. Hence the contrast."

We cordially agree with the designer of this picture in his esteem for discipline. It is just in the spirit of obedience and subordination, on which all discipline must be based, that our modern society is so wofully deficient; and there can be little doubt that if we had some of the regulative system of the Middle Ages in place of the entire freedom from control which every man who is not a soldier or a sailor nowadays claims as his birthright, we should not only have fewer crooked legs and round shoulders, but more cheerfulness and contentment. But at the same time we must not exaggerate the power of discipline; military discipline alone has not made this soldier such a contrast to his fellow-traveller, nor do we think he could with justice address to him the familiar phrase, "Sum quod eris, fui quod es."

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

I.—CARNIVAL SUNDAY.

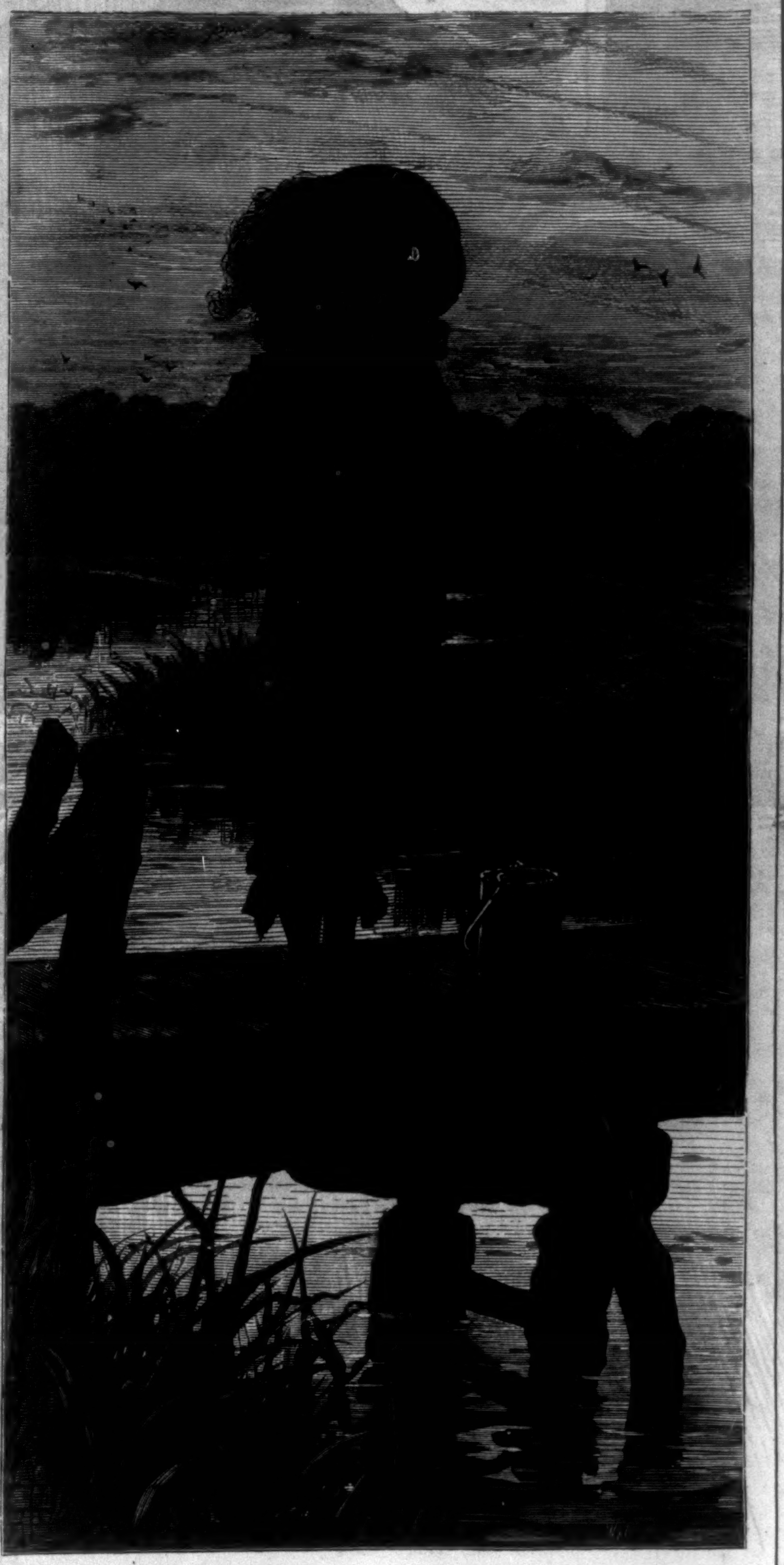
Prince Carnival has yielded up the ghost. The doleful solemnity of the Florence Corso, where Tuscan mirth scarcely effervesces now in that charming diversion of pelting the crowd with plaster, eggs, and vegetables; the fitful energy of Roman sports, aided by a languid Trastevere; and the efforts of more sprightly Naples, the august presence of King Victor Emanuel and Countess Rosina on a balcony acting like the fanning breath of royal patronage on dying embers, if you will, can not revive the merry monarch. Prince Carnival is dead, and all these yearly ceremonials serve as the funeral pageants of his demise.

At Nice, alone, is his sceptre still tipped with gold. At Nice, alone, does the flower of pleasure, carefully fostered to an exotic growth by municipality, Monaco, and hotel proprietors, yet bloom for the amusement of the watering-place frequenters.

On Dimanche Gras the sky is of that brilliant sapphire blue peculiar to the Riviera, the Mediterranean sparkles and glances beneath the light passing breeze, and the ships expand their white sails, or melt away in the golden haze of horizon. Back toward Cimies the hills fold their purple slopes, fringed with olive and lemon groves, and sweep up at last into snow peaks as sharply defined as the Alps. In all these blended beauties of nature—the silvery shimmer of the snow peaks against the blue sky, the tropical warmth of palm gardens, where the lizards sport on vine-mantled walls, the restless scintillations of the sea—spring and summer waft their sweet promises in the perfume of flowers, while the keen breath of winter still mingles with the fervid heat of the sun in the cold wind from the heights. This pungent, exciting atmosphere acts like an electric battery on the nervous system. All the men, women, and children in the city of Nice, nay, along the shore, awaiting the trains which shall bear them to this centre, may be said to represent human harps and violins, strung tensely for participation in Dimanche Gras.

Commander Albert Whitcombe drives over from Villafranca with several of his fellow-officers. His vessel of war, the frigate *Tomahawk*, only dropped anchor in that enchanting haven a few days since, and the scene is new to him. Commander Whitcombe is a grave, rather taciturn, man of forty-five, with that crisp, authoritative utterance suggestive of the quarter-deck rather than the drawing-room. His nationality is by no means easily defined at a glance. He is large and powerfully built, with a fair complexion curiously suggestive of a Danish or Swedish origin; a yellow mustache, tinged with gray, and long imperial; a blue eye, cool and steady in expression; chin and face square, resolute, and unflinching. He is not in the least a lady's man, and yet at each station the ladies simply adore him, for about his name shines the lustre of hero, and to the foreign lands he now visits has already gone forth the fame of his achievements in the blockade off Charleston and Beaufort, and at Island No. 10. What American woman abroad ever fails to respond with pride to these claims on admiration? Accordingly much incense is burned before the shrine of Commander Whitcombe's brave deeds, with no perceptible influence on his unassuming simplicity of manner.

The scene is new to him, and dazzles his senses. He has never before visited this paradise of the American naval officer, although the Pacific and Chinese waters are familiar to him. Nice looks its very best. The weather is superb, the day is Dimanche Gras, and Prince Carnival, in the rôle of Parisian dandy, but never again the old Saturnalian mask and tambourine strummer of the Piazza del Popolo, will soon appear to make his best bow.



THE LITTLE ANGLER.—From a Picture by C. T. Garland.

The Quai Massena is thronged; the white Promenade des Anglais stretches along the shore with its vista of club-houses and villas; feathery palm-trees wave their fronds in the public garden; gay music begins to resound. The grave commander experiences a subtle current stirring in his own calm veins—the natural sympathy with martial strains, noisy groups, moving banners, scents of myriads of flowers, and a brilliant glow of sunshine over all. The group of American officers obtain a post of vantage near the Préfecture. Young Lieutenant Harleigh, with the merry hazel eyes and boyish face, is all animation. Commander Whitcombe pulls his long mustache, and is silent. All around the space, windows and balconies are richly decorated with a variety of colored hangings—blue, green, orange, and crimson—so that they resemble tulip petals. Here a cluster of children's heads appear in an embrasure of green vines, tufted with tiny flags; there a stately blonde poses gracefully beneath her red canopy, not unmindful of the outline of delicate profile against such relief. Carriages come and go, freighted with the latest Paris millinery, and cars pass rapidly, visible at angles of the street, like detached stage scenery not as yet adjusted to the movements of the drama. The Place de la Poissonière is the fountain which receives all the tributary rills of moving throngs.

At two o'clock a gun booms. Instantly a shower of confetti and a tempest of flowers fill the air, and from confusion forth steps the sun. O glorious Mediterranean orb of day, shining with such golden refulgence! No pale northern rays emanate even from this nether sun, and in its radiance bloom a dozen gigantic bouquets, pyramids of roses, japonicas, and jasmine moving along jauntily without visible means of locomotion.

Commander Whitcombe ceases to pull his mustache, and smiles; his shoulders are powdered with the confetti snow, as are those of his companions. Prince Carnival is hovering about, and his sceptre is tipped with gold. Sheer nonsense and delightful fun abound. A line of color, frosted green and pale blue, marks the flight of a gay cavalcade of mounted grasshoppers and butterflies, which are pursued by an enormous lizard basking on a bank, and opening wide the jaws of an antediluvian reptile. Now a striped tiger, with lurid topaz eyes, gambols along in the wake of a pink angel with spangled wings riding a snail. A gigantic pasteboard egg follows, the yellow claws of the enterprising chicken within already doing service in walking, and the callow head peering above the rim of broken shell. A band of Esquimaux guard a magnificent polar bear confined in an iron cage, and a human wheelbarrow is propelled through the crowd with acrobatic dexterity by a companion. The principality of Monaco appears, palace and towers of painted paper perched on formidable rocks, the car driven by a veritable Monsieur Blanc in snowy raiment, hands and face enamelled to a porcelain tint. A country wagon succeeds, drawn by oxen, and containing an immense cauliflower. Shouts of laughter greet the gigantic vegetable, which forms a globe, with the outer leaves folded tightly over the central heart. The municipal throne is reached—that seat of homage, the Préfecture—and lo! the leaves fall back, and insects appear, a human caterpillar clad in soft brown fur, and a sprightly company of beetles in shining armor. These inmates of the cauliflower are armed with tiny vegetables. Prince Carnival is no respecter of persons; a well-aimed carrot knocks off the hat of an English lord, while Commander Whitcombe receives a rosy onion in his left eye. These missiles prove to be bonbonnières, no sooner grasped by their recipients than a monkey, swinging on the branches of a tree, steals the trophies, escapes nimbly to a higher perch, and presents them to the blonde lady of the crimson balcony. So the hours wear away, that kaleidoscope of changing atoms, the Corso, presenting an inexhaustible variety of costume and acting, prompted by French wit, and adorned by French artistic skill.

Bakers produce from their oven a pie, and a sprite pops out of the crust to present bouquets. Scarcely has the sprite returned to the pie mansion when a famous kitchen advances, where the inmates of the market basket have rebelled against the cooks with such success that the human victims are hung up for use in the meat safe, while the usurping fowls and animals preside over the copper stew-pans in turn. The rabbit *chef*, in white apron, stirs a soup, and haughtily orders about the turkey, partridge, and chicken scullions. Now from a ruined tower, ivy-mantled, emerge large bats that hover and skim about the entrance on silken wings, and now a mimic theatre rehearses its tiny drama to the music of its own orchestra, the living actors being moved by strings, as are puppets, held by the prompter.

The sun slopes toward the west, the golden haze of the horizon deepens to opalescence, the sky is still serenely blue. The last clown has turned his somersault on the Corso, and goes to dine previous to the evening's balls, the pavement is white with confetti and strewn with trampled flowers. As the group of officers prepare to follow, a carriage drives slowly along, and Lieutenant Harleigh raises his cap.

The carriage is a basket-phaeton, and has two occupants. Commander Whitcombe is aware that an elderly lady, muffled in a white India shawl, is looking at him, and directing the attention of her companion, a girl. In all the brilliant carnival throng this girl is unique. Stay! May not her equipage and pose lend some added charm to her singular loveliness, a subtle grace be also imparted by the clever French fingers? The low phaeton, curved like a shell, is of a creamy yellow hue, the ponies attached are of the same lustrous tint, with manes of silky softness, and the carriage brims with flowers of one unvarying color—the rich Mediterranean violet. The girl is attired in violet velvet; amethysts swing in her ears and encircle her slender throat; a broad yellow hat droops low over her golden tresses. She bestows a smile on Lieutenant Harleigh, and passes on, even sends a little shower of her violets fluttering forth to any hands awaiting them.

"Who is she?" demands Commander Whitcombe, involuntarily.

"Oh, la belle Américaine, of course," returns Lieutenant Harleigh. "Every ship's company has fallen in love with her for the past three years. I'm rather gone in that quarter myself. She is a perfect stunner for beauty, and lots of tin besides. Her father was a millionaire, you know."

"Ah!" Commander Whitcombe makes no other comment, and separates from his gay companions to dine at the club.

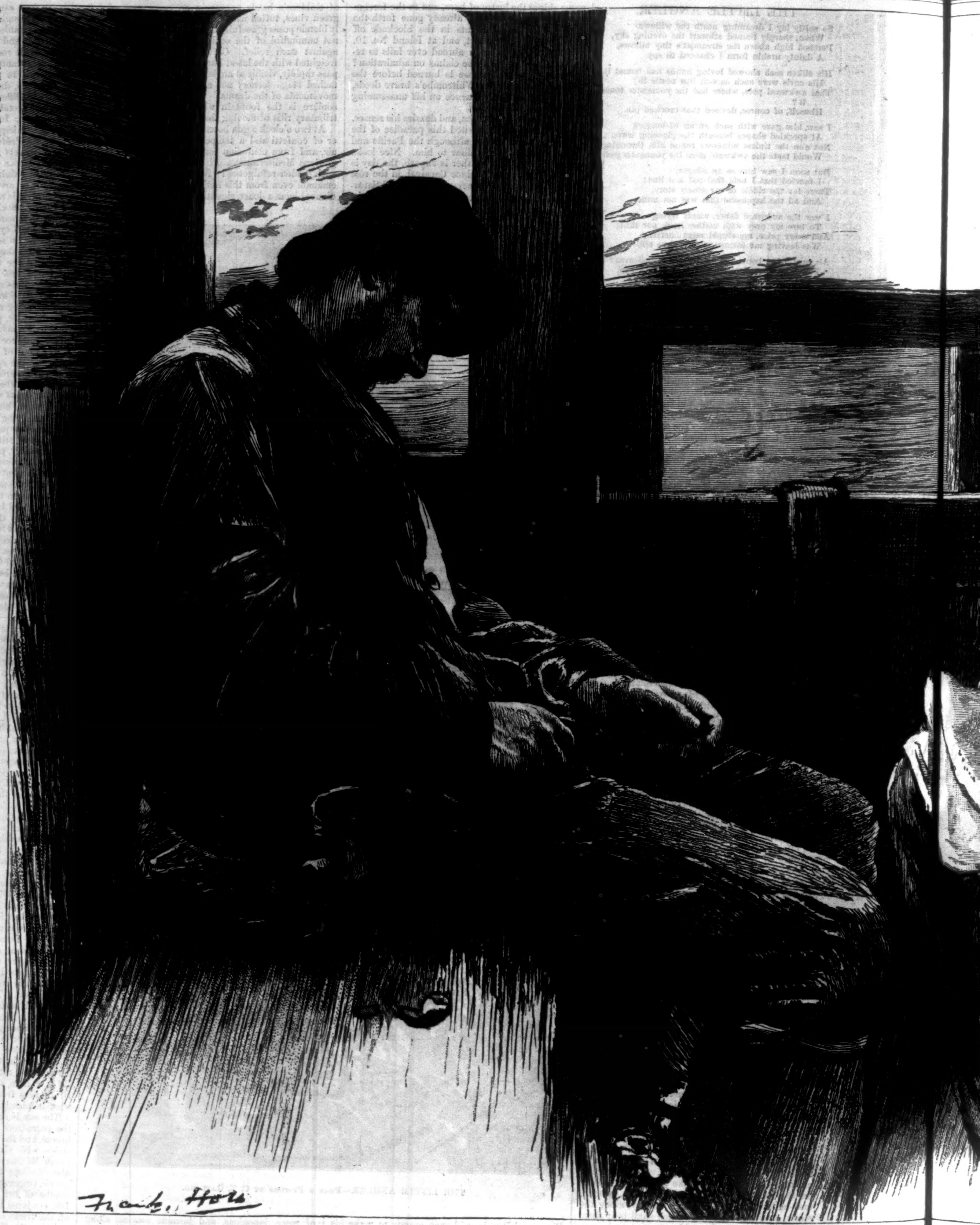
Down on the Promenade des Anglais he pauses to watch the sun set, a vast crimson globe, beyond the sea. The glancing, sparkling sea is his element; it rests and refreshes him after the carnival riot. Presently he hears the sharp trot of hoofs advancing, and turns to again behold the pretty flower-lined phaeton. The girl in violet velvet is alone now, and with a charming grace of manner she tosses him the largest bouquet in her fortress, with a little American flag attached. He is a hero, and this is her acknowledgment. He glances from the flowers to the giver somewhat helplessly.

The sun is sinking beyond the heaving waters, the palm-trees of the shore wave gently in the breeze, and the crimson track shed across the sea stains with vivid rose the window-panes of the Cercle Méditerranée. The shaft of gorgeous light also envelops the girl, smiting sparks from her jewels, tingeing a stray tress of hair, shining in the depths of her lustrous eyes. She might be an Iris, conjured by Prince Carnival's wand, amidst all the tricks of the fantastic day, only to vanish again on the dissolving rainbow instead of by the prosaic road.

Commander Whitcombe raises his cap in courteous acknowledgment of his gift. He is unaccustomed to carnival license, and finds this rather a bold attack. Would his own womenkind, the standard by which a man insensibly measures the whole outer world, have done this thing? Henceforth he is unable to disassociate this girl in her gleaming amethysts from the sea.

It happens that another gentleman passes, and observing the hero holding the bouquet, drives on, stroking *his* mustache. In this case the mustache is black, the face dark, thin, and plain, the glance of the small eyes perfectly impassive, yet all pertain to a very noble owner indeed. The second gentleman is a duke.

Then the day wanes, and the bloom of twilight steals over the calm waters, quenching the fiery



DISCIPLINE AND DISSIPATION.—Dr wn by F

glow of sunset, and folds into darkness the surrounding hills.

II.—A JAPANESE LADY.

"Mrs. Richards invited you, and Miss Cecilia added her compliments. They have occupied the villa these three years, and it is a charming place to visit. Always keep open house for the fleet, you know."

"Pray express my regrets."

"Then you decline? We could be back for the fun of the evening."

"Not to-night, thank you."

Lieutenant Harleigh drives away; Commander Whitcombe is left to his own devices. He has abruptly refused to dine with the lady in the white India shawl and the girl who embodied the Mediterranean violet on Carnival Sunday. Why he has done so is not clear to his own mind. Even a hero may be occasionally guilty of caprice or irritability. He prefers to ramble about the town of Nice to dining with any of his fair country-women. This is the truth, if an ungracious one. Thus he strolls along the shore alone, glad to escape recognition. Evidently he is a grim, rather uncommunicative, man, fond of solitude.

At eight o'clock the Square Massena is a brilliant scene. Charity holds a bazar for perishing Lyons silk-weavers, but it is charity smothered in flowers and gas-light, always under the graceful supervision of Prince Carnival.

Commander Whitcombe finds himself at the entrance, and gazes about him undisturbed. The parterres bloom below, and above glow artificial flowers of light in wreaths and garlands of tinted globes. Venetian lamps sway on trees, arches and arrows of green and blue quiver amidst the shrubbery, the hero Massena is transfigured against outer darkness of night by myriads of crystal pendants about the base of his statue. Laughter, music, and merriment also abound here.

The American officer discovers a series of fairy temples, where the tinted globes gather in cones of golden fire and the crowd surges about buffet and tombola. The first temple is a rustic structure draped in vines, where Flora reigns, and a bevy of fair English girls dispense her fragrant gifts, clusters of hyacinths, lilies, and roses, so arranged that the very walls seem built of flowers. Beyond, a Polish countess, magnificently attired in silk and gold embroideries, holds court in a Turkish kiosque, where she proffers pipes and cigars. Verily charity under Prince Carnival's sceptre wears a resplendent garb. These shop-women are noble, rich, and *distinguée*, while scarcely one of the gentlemen who assist at arranging parcels behind the counter is without a title to his name. Delightful amusement of masquerading usefulness in a work-a-day world! Subtle charm of receiving from the dainty fingers of a marquise or a duchess the bouquet selected at an enormous price, and paid for out of a republican pocket! The crowd eddies about a large structure gayly decorated with flags, where two Russian ladies zealously demand a sale of lottery numbers.

Commander Whitcombe, skirting these elements, comes unexpectedly on a new field. He approaches a booth artistically imitative of Japanese architecture in projecting roof, straw-paper walls, and strings of colored lanterns. The interior is lined with screens, fans, mirrors of polished steel, and strips of transparent rice-paper covered with figures. An open parasol is suspended from the roof, a white crane flies heavily on the silk banner in the corner. The lights twinkle on heaps of crystal, lacquer-work trays and boxes, and bronze ornaments.

As he advances, Commander Whitcombe observes the same small dark gentleman who honored him with his scrutiny on Dimanche Gras standing beneath a tree, with a lorgnette deliberately aimed at the occupant of the stall. The hero would not be a man if his own curiosity were not aroused by this odd manœuvre. Why not? Lieutenant Harleigh and the other officers are dining with Mrs. Richards and Miss Cecilia Anderson, therefore his example need elicit no badinage nor criticism. The Japanese bazar is presided over by a Japanese lady. She is unconscious of observation, distraite in manner, even listless and dejected. If she had stepped down from one of the fans on the wall or from the rice-paper pictures her impersonation could scarcely be more perfect. Her robe of dull blue silk is gathered in tightly about the form down to the knees, and terminates in a train; fringes of silver sparkle on the margin; long sleeves conceal her hands; a rich scarf, red and yellow, arranged as sash completes the costume, while imparting the stooping aspect so highly prized some years since as a "Grecian bend." She does not immediately perceive the American, although the lanterns shed radiance on her face, which is rouged on each cheek-bone, cleverly darkened by means of some golden-tinted powder, like the pollen of a lily, the eyes pencilled, the brows rendered oblique, and the black hair swept back into a chignon, confined by means of silver pins. Commander Whitcombe finds amusement in studying her. Tiny birds poise and vibrate on her head, crystals elaborately cut and set in twisted silver wire encircle her throat.

"Have you a talisman for sale sufficiently powerful to guard an unfortunate stranger from the seductions of the ladies in this fair, mademoiselle?" he finally inquires in French, and places himself in such a position as renders the lorgnette among the trees useless.

Somebody is taking an unfair advantage of the Japanese lady. Let the man with the lorgnette advance to the front. Such is the hero's reasoning.

She turns her oblique eyes on him with a start, and she is the shop-woman directly. Her nimble fingers present bronzes, straw mosaic, puzzles, miniature turtles, frogs, and fish in enamel-work. Oh yes, she has talismen and charms, all scented with the peculiar Oriental perfumes. Monsieur must test them for himself.

"Pray choose for me," he replies, gallantly.

The Japanese lady gazes at him a moment with a strange expression. Never in his life has the glance of a woman's eyes, flashing full in his own, so penetrated his brain a set the bloo ing through the veins.

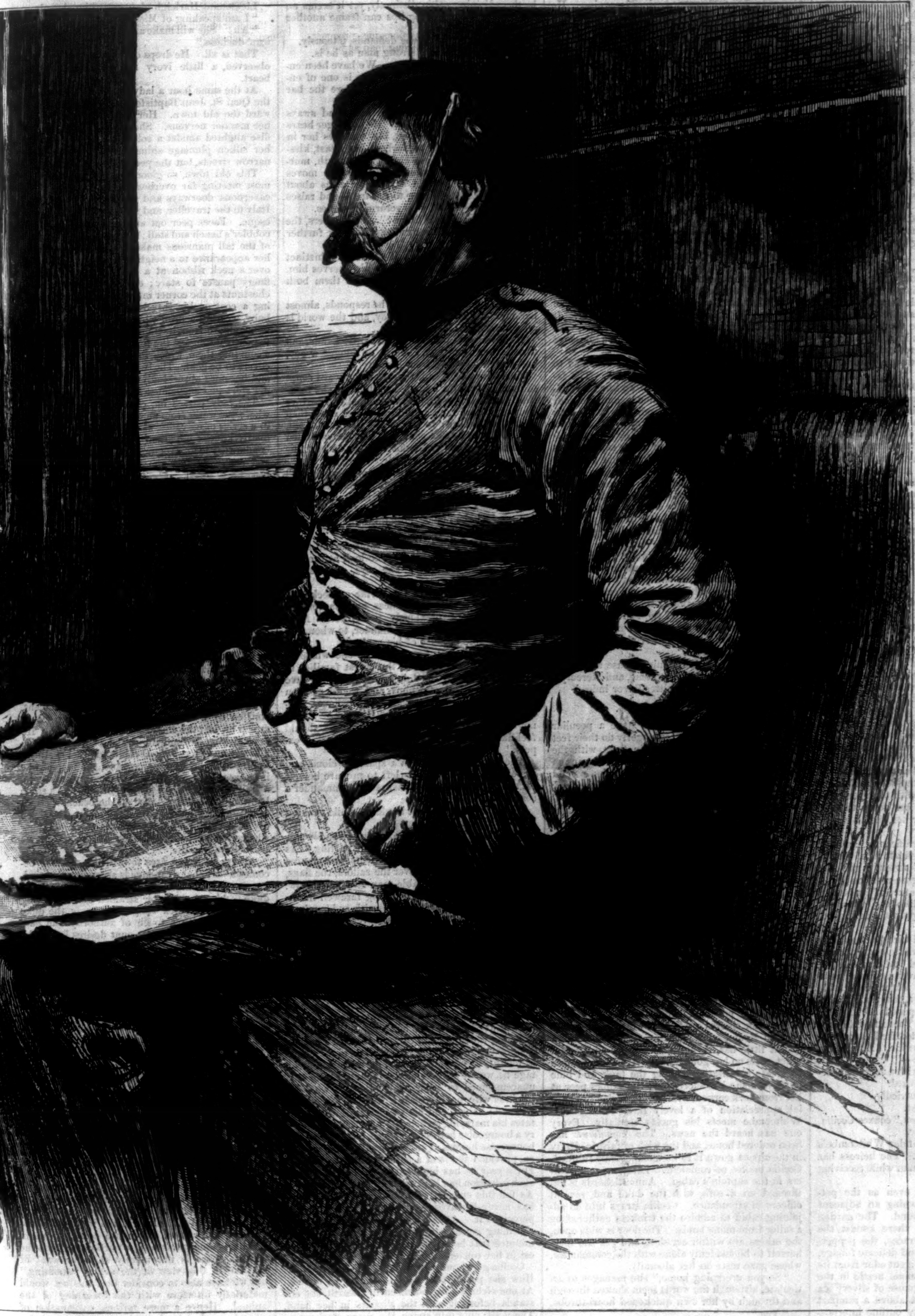
"Entendez?" she comm ds. Then sh the doors of a pretty cab t, and takes drawer an ivory nut whic she presents customer.

"Only fifty francs, mo eur," she add sudden resumption of pro ional manne

Commander Whitcomb screws the discovers within a heart o ystal which i fibres of a silky substance, ice freezes t gin of a pond. The Jap se lady pois heart between her fingers.

"I call this a woman's rt, monsieur advise you to buy it."

"Why a woman's?" he ries, amused



WN BY FRANK HALL.—[SEE PAGE 497.]

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"Because it holds the silky fibres so tenaciously; it is constant."

The gentleman winces perceptibly.

"You know best," he returns, thoughtfully, and purchases the trinket.

The *tête-à-tête* is at an end. The small dark person is standing at Commander Whitcombe's elbow handling a saki cup. A gay party also approaches, and the voice of Lieutenant Harleigh is heard to exclaim,

"Oh, Miss Cecilia, what a trick you have played on us!"

"Not at all," returns the Japanese lady, calmly. "The princess was ill, and requested me to take her place."

There she stands looking at them with her oblique Oriental eyes. The small dark gentleman smiles slightly and smoothes his mustache.

"Has not my disguise deceived you, Monsieur le Duc?" she inquires, with a sudden and brilliant smile, the first evidence of coquetry yet manifested.

It occurs to Commander Whitcombe that the small dark gentleman is in love with the Japanese lady. Also that he is much older than his tailor desires him to appear. He is a duke! Three servants appear, as if by magic. They wear a green livery and white stockings. What is this nobleman doing now? Actually buying out the booth, and loading the servants with the trinkets. They are for the new Japanese pavilion in his garden, he explains. The Japanese lady bites her lip, and hastily claims half of the stock for herself.

This is the little drama enacted before the eyes of Commander Whitcombe and others. The gaslights glitter in wreaths and garlands, the flowers send forth their fragrance, music rises above the hum of voices. The hero feels strangely like the child at the fairy pantomine, but habitual pride prevents outward manifestation of surprise. He has bought an ivory nut, a duke is loading his flunkies with a whole bazar, and the lanterns twinkle above the head of the Japanese lady.

III.—THE SLIPPERS.

"I am tired of fools, aunty."

"Yes, my dear, but I hope you have not told *them* so."

"Ah! why?"

"Remember the Turkish proverb, 'He who tells the truth must have one foot in the stirrup.'"

"Wisest of women! I always listen as if pearls of knowledge fell from all lips. My face will yet become frozen into an eternal smile."

"Cecilia, I do believe the slippers are coming out again. I should like to live to see you a duchess, child."

"Where is your republican simplicity, madame?"

Aunt Richards is a genteel lady of fifty, with a long aquiline nose, and hair bleached in Paris to that silky whiteness which renders a woman suddenly handsome whose middle age may have been insignificant. Aunt Richards's charming crown of snowy hair, black eyes beneath strongly marked brows, and somewhat impressive manner, give an aspect of high spirits, even of arrogance, which many persons resent. In reality she is one of the mildest, most irresolute, of kindly women; and slave to every caprice of the heiress, her niece. In the harvest fields of life she is a blade of straw, externally erect and brittle, but containing no pith. She receives her share of criticism, also, in her management of that mettlesome charge, Miss Cecilia. Ladies whose daughters do not possess a million in their own right agree that it is quite shameful in Aunt Richards to thrust the girl forward as she does, yet they associate with her, and are glad to discuss the latest Worth toilet with the aid of her enlightenment.

Cecilia is beautiful, gay, witty, and amiable. Aunt Richards firmly believes that should fate transform her into the poetical beggar-maid, her cleverness would still make her shine in the humbler walks of existence. Cecilia can do any thing—trim a bonnet fit for a milliner's window, make her début on the stage as prima donna. How the girl can sing! As for her poetry— Aunt Richards would so like to show some specimens to admiring friends, if the poetess had not locked them up. Yes, indeed, only poor people need write books for sale, you know; still, if Cecilia would have some of those lovely sonnets printed for private circulation, quite in an elegant way.

"Are you at home this afternoon, darling?" the good lady presently inquires.

"Yes." Cecilia glances furtively at a gilt clock, and her companion leaves the room.

The girl holds the slippers on her knee, but suffers the needle to drop from her fingers. The work is curiously emblematic of Cecilia's life. She has traced a pattern, and followed it, in a wayward fashion, with blended colors of richest hues, and interwoven threads of gold and silver. Five years ago the slippers were begun, and are still unfinished. The woven threads and blended colors are her own thoughts and dreams. She will not complete them, Penelope-wise, until Ulysses returns—nay, until the hero comes. They must be worn by the man she loves, and she has never loved any man. Cecilia has laughed and cried over this lamentable fact; the feline element in her nature delights in the zest of conquest, and then revolts against the victim conquered. She has tried to feel sorry for the lovers she has made miserable, after decoying them to hope by fairest promise. Pity is a portion of her organization either dead to sensibility or never awakened. She is made of the fibre which leads millionaires' daughters sometimes into distrustful, cynical spinsterhood. Cecilia does not distrust her own fascinations, however. She can not endure to meet a stranger, and not produce a vivid impression. All the way-side beggars and trades-people are in love with her, awaiting her charming smile; the children of the poor know her far and wide. Here is this newly arrived commander of the *Tomahawk*, grave, severe, and a hero of fame, who declined to dine with her a month ago. Has a day since elapsed when Cecilia, concealing her pique, has not baited